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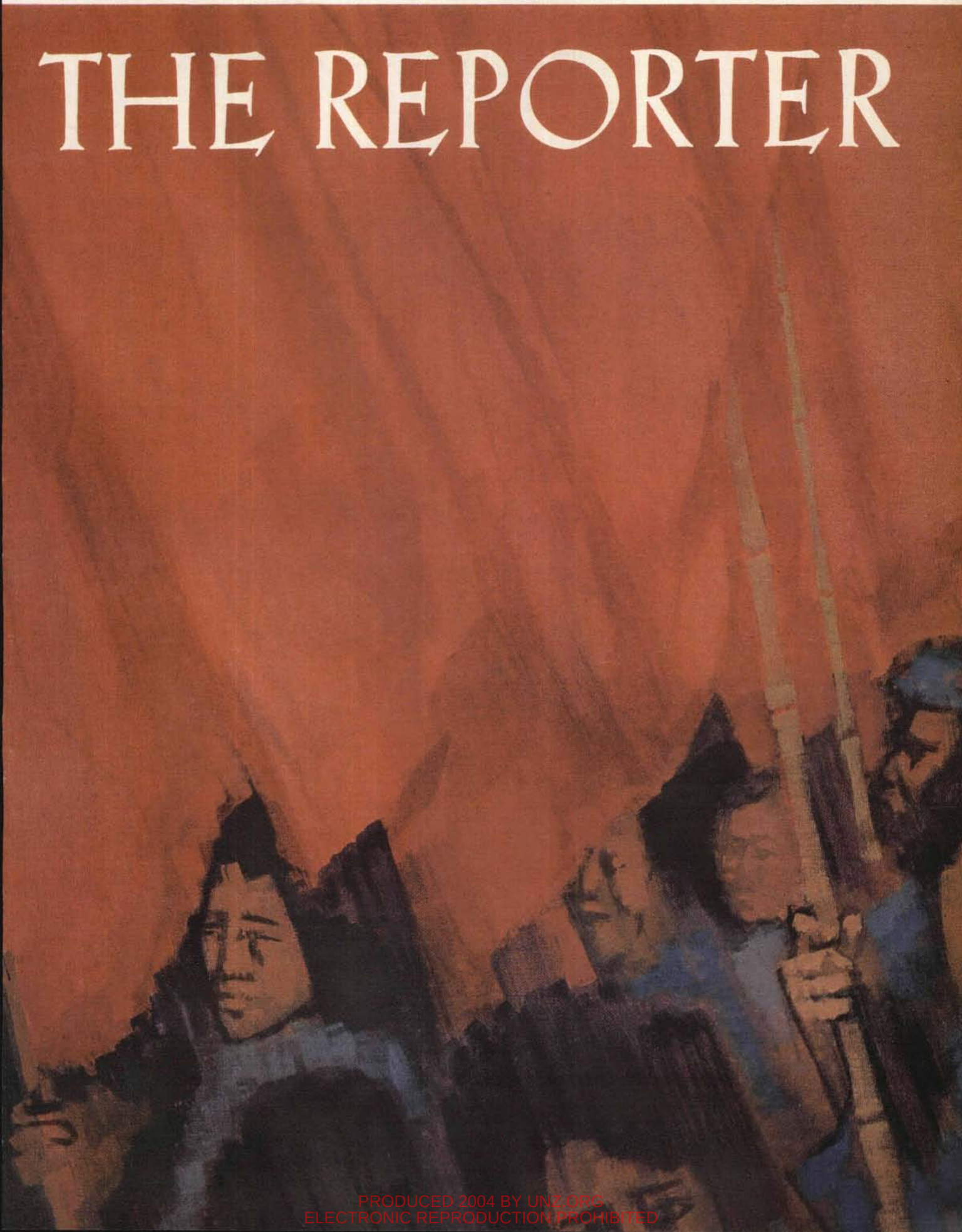

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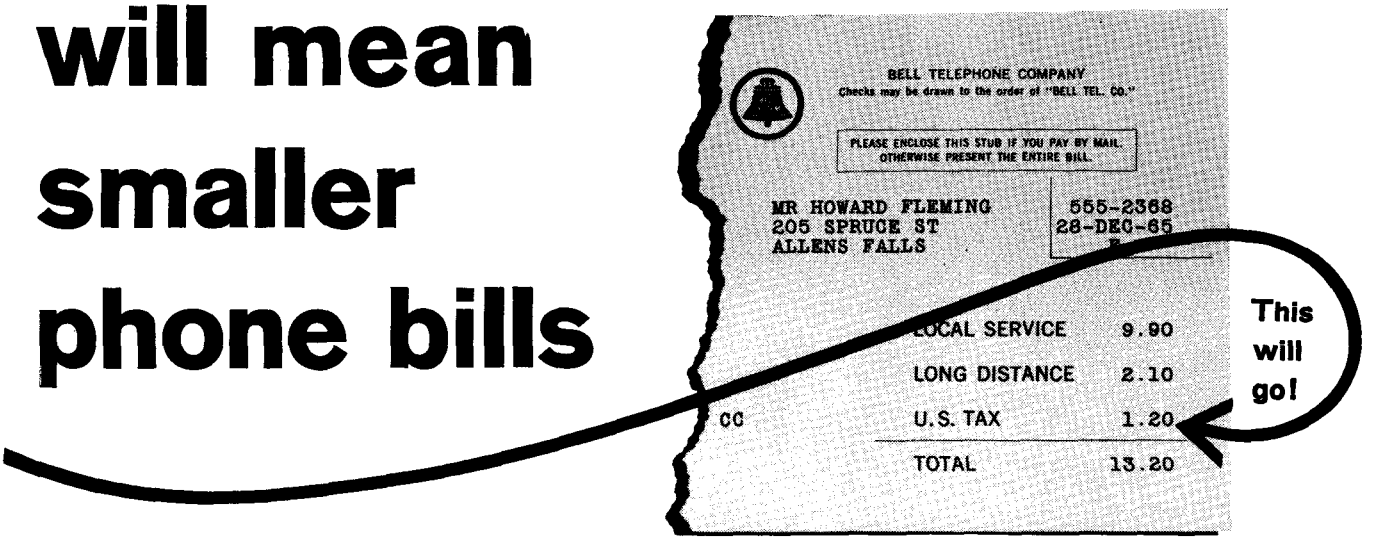

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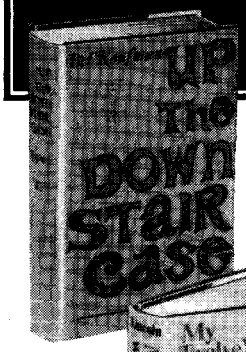

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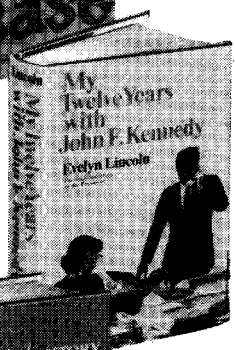

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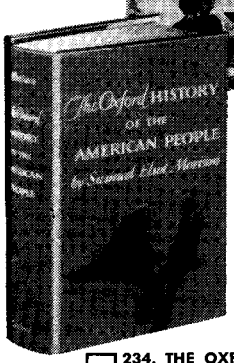

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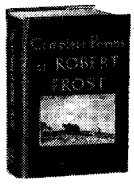

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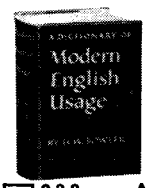

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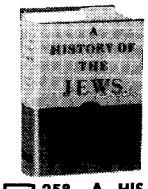

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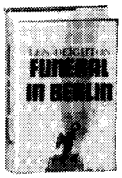

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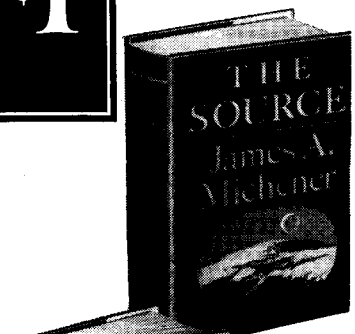

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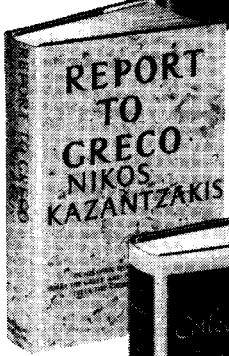

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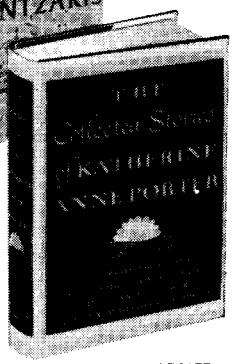

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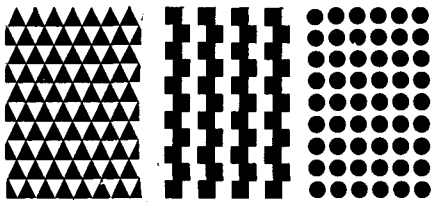

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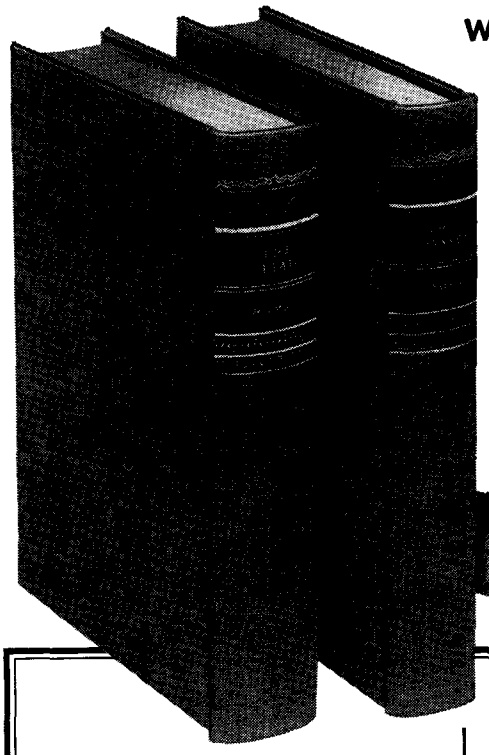

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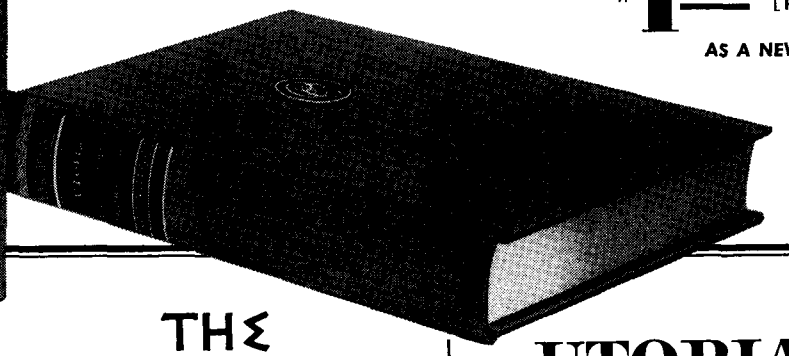

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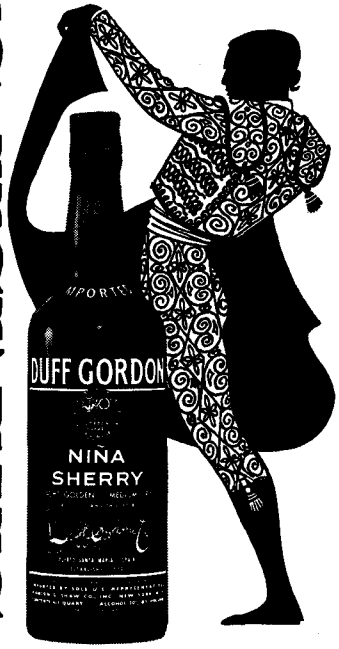

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

JOURNALISTIC cliché has accustomed us to thinking of Europe's postwar economic progress in terms of the miraculous, as for example "the Italian (or German) Miracle," while regarding our own achievements as simply "the American Way of Life." And yet, while there is nothing supernatural about the vitality of American industry, its present energy and ingenuity is truly something to marvel at, and it is changing our way of life. This is particularly true in the sectors of defense and space technology, where rapid expansion and new managerial concepts have generated tremendous momentum and confidence. Many companies are convinced that they have the capacity and the tools to take on tasks of social and economic development that have traditionally been in the province of government. As it happens, industry's eagerness to expand its activities coincides with President Johnson's concern to reconcile the demands of his ambitious social programs with his commitment to reducing the Federal bureaucracy. The result is a novel government-business partnership, with corporations contracting to run an increasing number of Federal programs. **Jerald ter-Horst,** who describes this development, is Washington bureau chief of the Detroit *News.* **Wayne Welch,** who gives the case history of one joint venture, is an associate editor of *Forbes* magazine. . . . While this area of the economy is booming, other industries, such as the newspapers, are ailing. **A. H. Raskin,** assistant editorial-page editor of the New York *Times,* cites some original ideas of Ambassador Arthur Goldberg on the interrelation of industry, the public interest, and government in the context of the New York newspaper strike.

THE NEWS from Asia could not be more confusing. Correspondents endeavoring to cover the war that flared along widely separated sectors of the rugged Kashmir cease-fire line were confronted with contradictory claims of victories and charges of atrocities. **Edmond Taylor,** whose book *Richer by Asia* was recently reissued by Houghton Mifflin, is currently revisiting the areas in which he served during the Second World War as oss chief for Southeast Asia. In Indonesia, the riddle of who was doing what to whom obscured a struggle between the army and the Communists over who will succeed Sukarno. In such a situation there is no substitute for the kind of experience **Denis Warner** brings to his reports. Warner, who was recently in Djakarta, is making one of his regular swings through the Asian countries he has been covering for many years. . . . The wishful thinking that is kindled anew by each apparent example of Soviet-American collaboration, such as the Security Council efforts to halt the Kashmir fighting, requires the detailed answer provided by **Abraham Brumberg's** analysis of recent anti-American trends in Moscow. Mr. Brumberg is the editor of *Problems of Communism,* a journal published by the United States Information Agency. . . . **Peter H. Binzen** is education writer for the Philadelphia *Evening* and *Sunday Bulletin.*

ONE of our more esoteric tribal customs is the cocktail party. **Bruce Grant,** whose short story describes the initiation of a group of Australian outbackers into the ritual, is an Australian journalist and the author of *Indonesia,* published by Cambridge University Press. . . . An expert on expressionism, **Alfred Werner** has written many books on art, including *Modigliani,* which Abrams will issue late this fall. . . . **Benjamin DeMott** is a faculty member at Amherst, and the author of *Hells and Benefits* (Basic Books). . . . **James Worley** is an Indiana poet. . . . An excursion into camouflage is undertaken by **Fernando Krahn** for his fortnightly consideration of our times. . . . **S. K. Oberbeck** is a books editor at *Newsweek.* . . . **Dr. Robert Coles,** a child psychiatrist on the staff of the Harvard University Health Services, specializes in the psychiatric aspects of desegregation and poverty. . . . **Hayes B. Jacobs** teaches at the New School in Manhattan. . . . Our cover is by **Bill Berry.**

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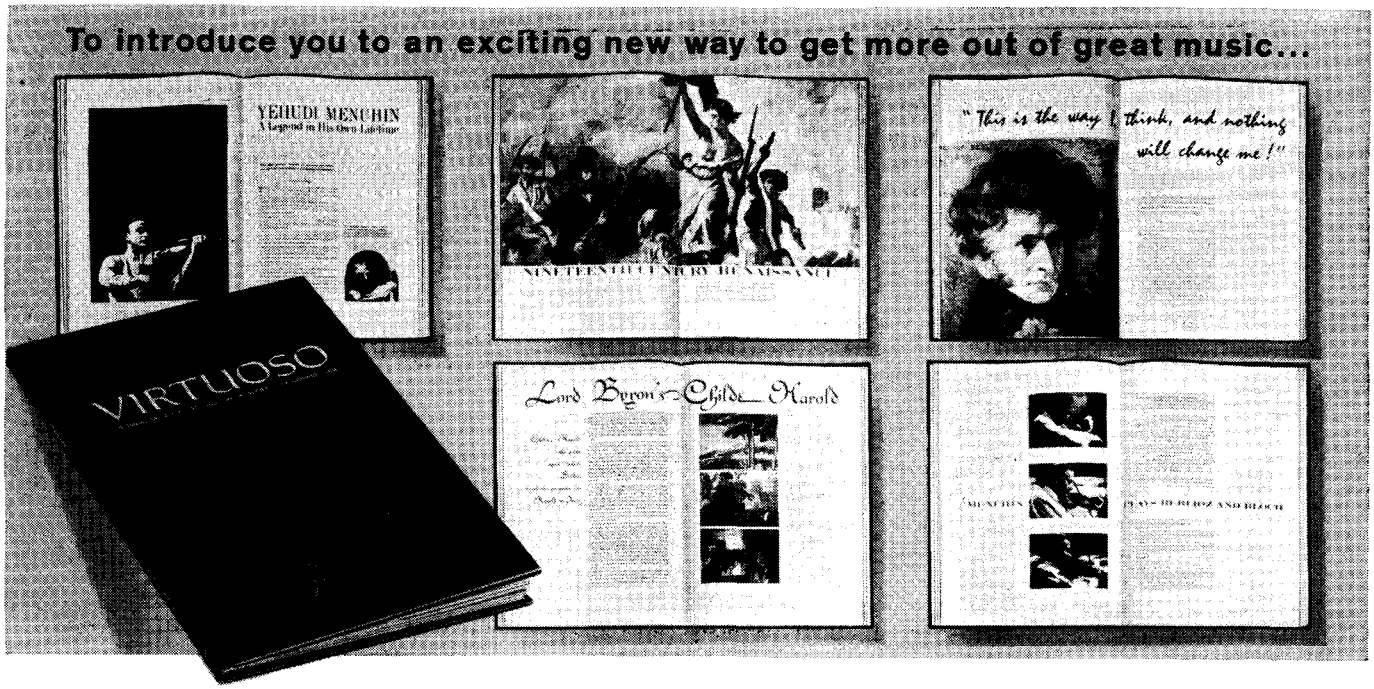
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CORRESPONDENCE

ASIAN PERSPECTIVE

To the Editor: Your editorial "China's New Leap Forward" and Denis Warner's "The Peking-Djakarta Axis" (*The Reporter,* September 23) both show a careful attention to the detail of recent events in Asia and a common American tendency to give an exaggerated significance to every bit of belligerent propaganda in that mystifying part of the world.

The manifesto of Marshal Lin Piao, for example, reveals more about China's blindness to the attitudes of the peoples of the "rural" continents than it does about China's ability to carry out its plans for world conquest. One has only to look at what can be called the comparative failure so far of Chou En-lai to enlist the masses of Africa, where the standard of living of the people, rural or nomadic, could not be called high. The representatives of Peking managed to get into trouble, even in Burundi.

The situation in Indonesia is still cloudy at this writing, but it is at least apparent that much of the army is determined to resist the Communist take-over that Mr. Warner warned about.

Your magazine is to be congratulated for its political reports on many out-of-the-way foreign places, but with all due respect, I would like to recommend to your writers and editors that, by and large, it is always a good idea to keep your shirt on.

GEORGE WILLIAMS
New York

THE ROMANTIC GERMANS

To the Editor: If I understand George Bailey's article on "West Germany's Economic Romantics" (*The Reporter,* September 23), he leaves the reader to make two appreciably different interpretations of what he means by romanticism in the Germans' predicament of economic strength and political weakness.

On the one hand, it may be that the apparent "romantic" exaltation of the nation's economic expansion is but a sublimation—or mask—for nationalistic drives lying deep in the German mind and only awaiting the proper moment for overt expression. On the other hand—if the emphasis on economic power is made in good faith—the romantics in Germany may have missed the lesson America has had to learn: that one cannot have economic expansionism abroad and political isolationism at home. That was our country's fallacy in between the two world wars. Riches do not offer an escape from power, particularly when the wealth of the nation happens to be very great and the nation itself is great in terms of geography and of history. Switzerland can just make it, but not the America of the neutrality legis-

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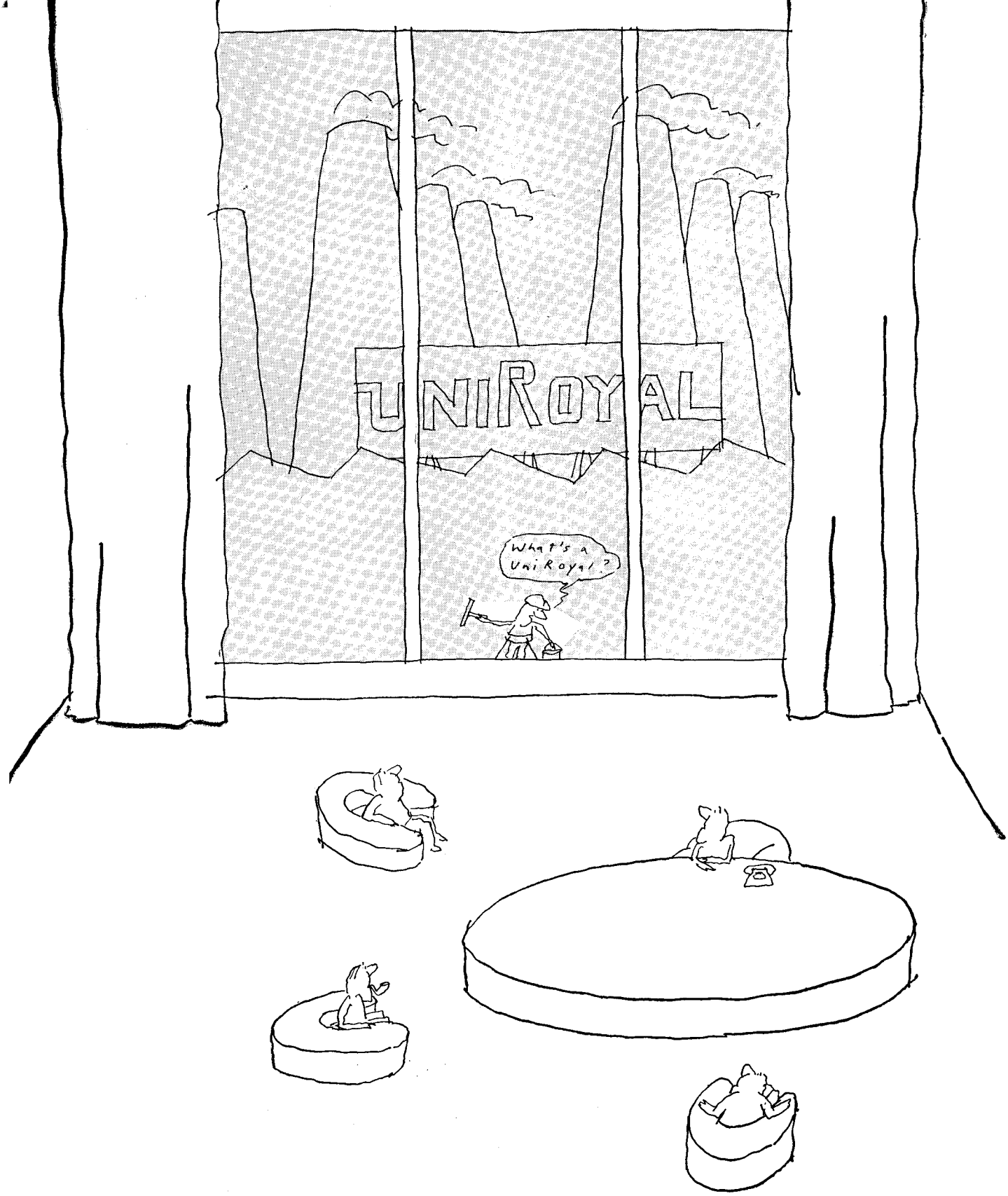

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lation, or the German economic romantics.

PETER CUSHING
New Haven, Connecticut

CAMPUS CRESCENDO

To the Editor: Having been oversaturated with publicity releases and advertising copy about the bigger and better musical culture we are supposed to get almost any day now, we musicians must be grateful to Henry Pleasants for writing about the emergency solutions that the universities are trying to develop and of the new problems that arise from the trying ("Crescendo on the Campus: Our New Music Centers," *The Reporter*, September 23). Special gratitude is due to Mr. Pleasants for mentioning at last the declining attendance at live concerts and the soul-killing frustration—if not defeat—our gifted musicians must face, ultimately because of the "we can take it or leave it" attitude of our society.

I only wish that serious magazines would at times also ask the musician to speak up. Many of us, unfortunately, are somewhat inarticulate. Those who are not find few opportunities to make their voices heard outside the closed circuit of professional publications. Our public might be in for a wholesome and salutary surprise if we could talk back one of these days.

TIBOR KOZMA, Conductor
Philharmonic Orchestra
and Opera Theater
Indiana University
Bloomington

ENTERTAINING A GENIUS

To the Editor: As the senior professor in Columbia University's Music Department, and one who knew Béla Bartók for more than twenty-five years, may I correct some of the statements made in Frederic V. Grunfeld's "A Touch Like a Paving Stone" (*The Reporter*, July 15). Bartók's sad closing years in exile were due largely to his own fierce integrity as man and artist. Other leaders of the then avant-garde, such as Hindemith and Schoenberg, came to this country under similar circumstances, and their works were also received with "massive indifference." But while impresarios and the public do not pay attention to such distinguished strangers, the universities appreciated them; both great musicians obtained professorships in composition at Yale and UCLA respectively.

Such a position would have been available to Bartók; in fact, Seattle kept repeating its offer year after year, but Bartók was convinced that a highly individual composer coming from an entirely different cultural environment should not teach composition. This severe determination closed the only possible source of gainful employment. In the 1940's an advanced composer could not make a living from his compositions. Indeed, to this day even "accepted" composers must teach or

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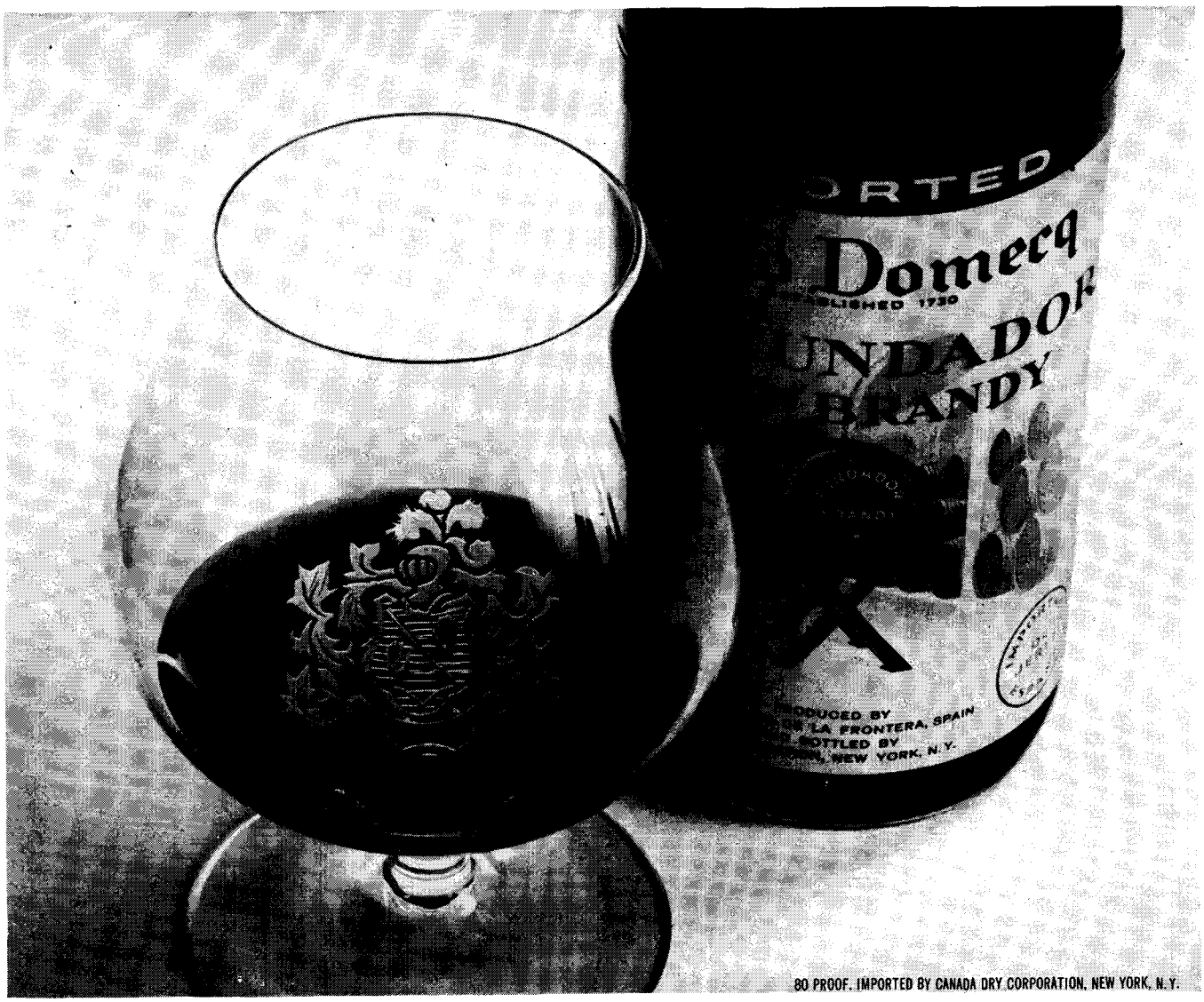

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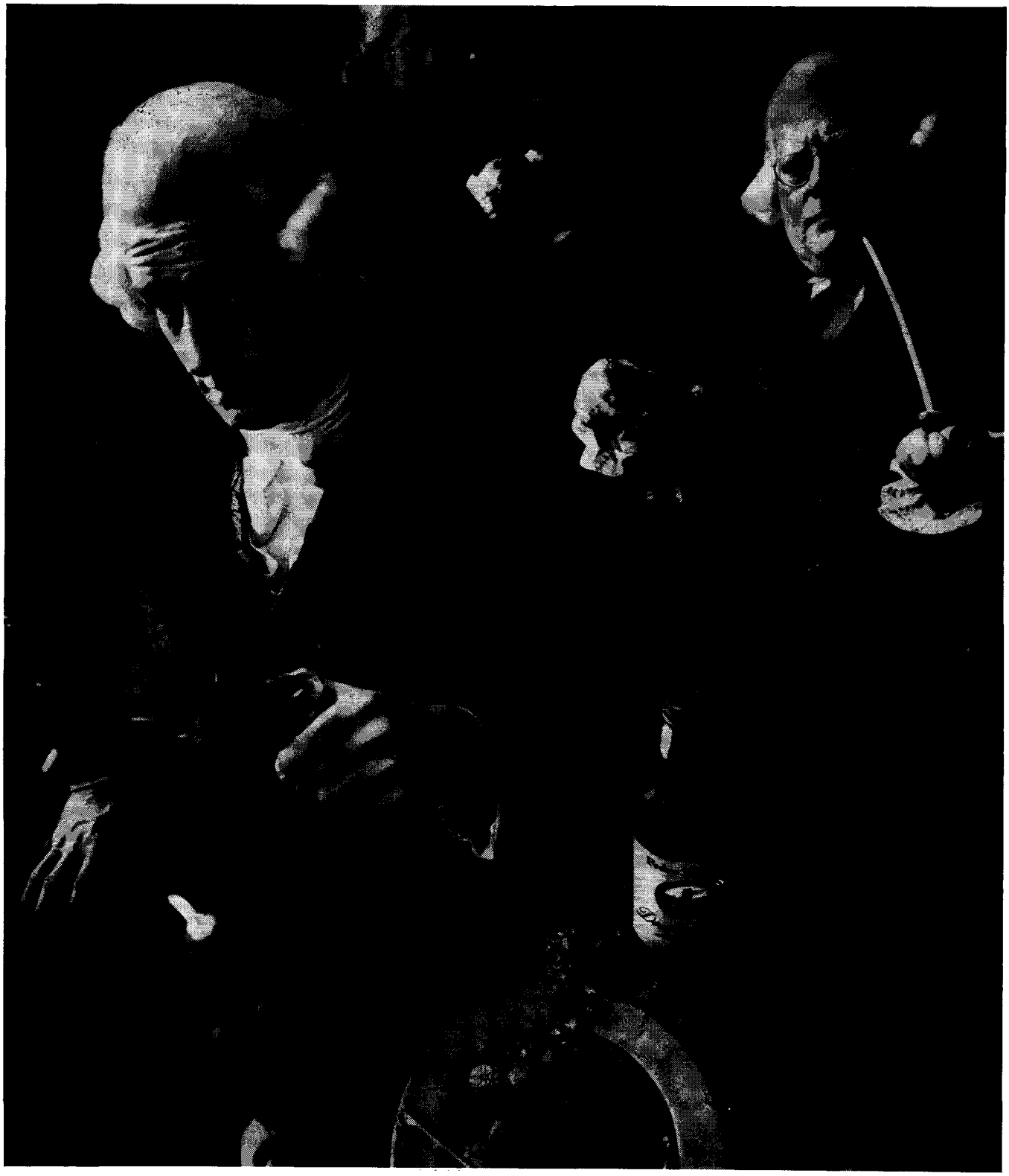

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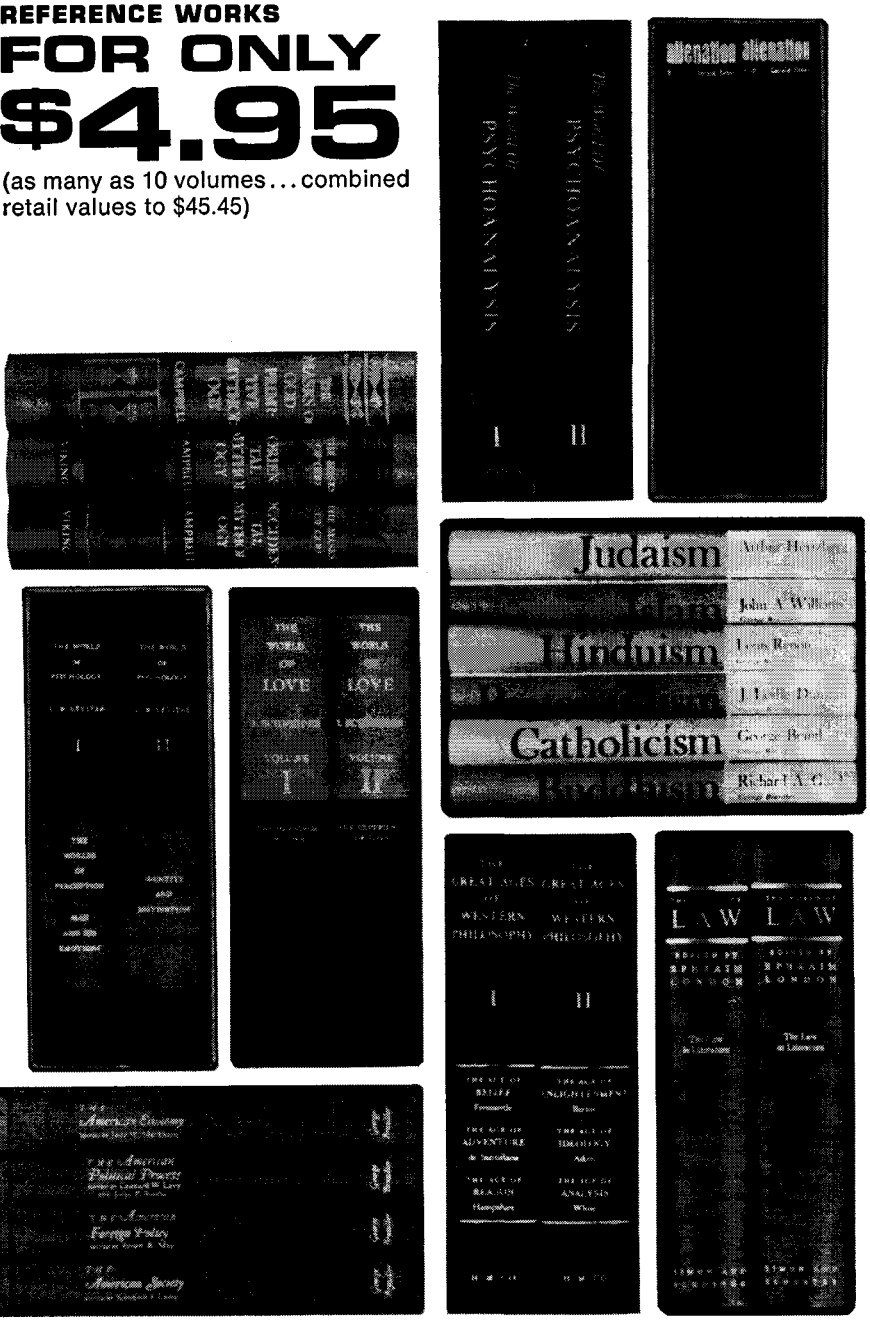

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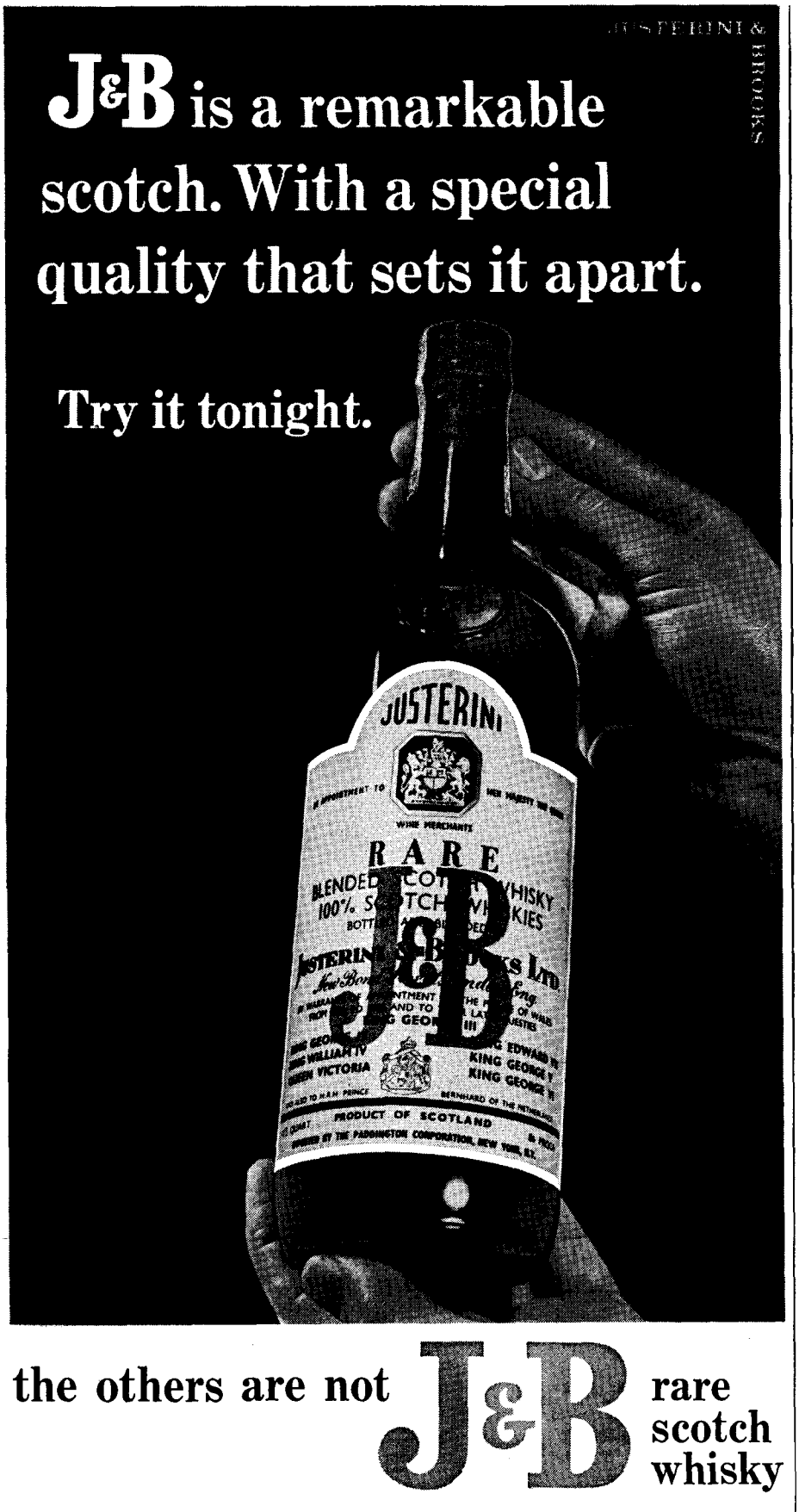
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perform in order to be able to devote themselves to creative work.

Bartók's other great accomplishments were in the field of musical scholarship, the scientific investigation of folk music. In the 1940's this was an equally "impractical" proposition, though today the discipline is well established in the American university. The "very small, badly paid" job Bartók landed in Columbia University was the result of a conspiracy of several of Bartók's admirers, including Columbia professors, who got the money and created the job. Therefore, that Bartók was doing "the very thing he liked best" was not a "coincidence," as Mr. Grunfeld would have it. Had Bartók been offered a more lucrative position as a scholar he would have become suspicious; the slightest hint of charity raised his proud hackles and he was familiar with the state of ethnomusicology in this country.

Mr. Grunfeld asks, "Did Columbia have some inkling that it was entertaining an angel unawares?" There was not a soul in our department who failed to realize that we were entertaining a genius, not a mere angel.

PAUL HENRY LANG
Professor of Musicology
Columbia Univesrity

STRATFORD CONN. AND PRO

To the Editor: It is regrettable that Robert Hapgood divided his report on the American Shakespeare Festival ("Stratford: A Theatre in Search of Itself," *The Reporter*, September 9) into three parts: an appraisal of Morris Carnovsky's performance as Lear, an evaluation of the production of *King Lear*, and an indictment of the Festival itself. If he had devoted all his attention to the last topic, his objections might have been clearer.

It is a fact of artistic life that a successful and first-rate Shakespearean company takes years to build, even as a successful opera or ballet company. There are limited financial resources available to such a company; there is a very narrow base of public support; there are few rewards one can hold out to young performers to entice them to turn their backs on "commercial" careers and devote the years necessary to achieving perfection in their special craft. Inasmuch as the American Shakespeare Festival can artistically be considered only three years old—I discount, as Mr. Hapgood does, the foolishness that prevailed in Stratford under the régime of Lawrence Langner—one must regard the company as in its infancy. That the past three years have shown such healthy growth—the productions of the season just concluded stood head and shoulders above those of last year and the year before—is reason for hope rather than despair.

The American Shakespeare Festival has a long way to go before achieving the brilliance we hope for it. But it is far too early to cast dire prophecies.

LEWY OLFSON
New London, Connecticut

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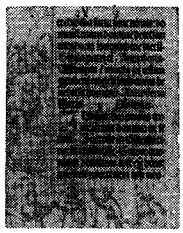

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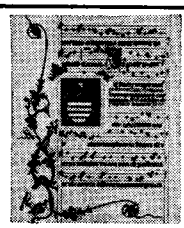

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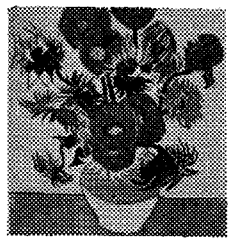

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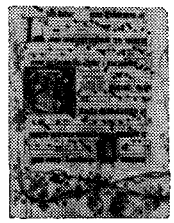

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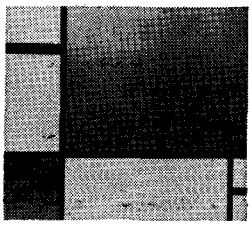

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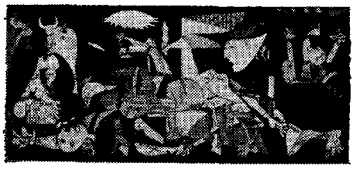

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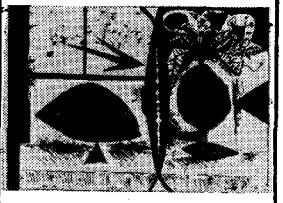

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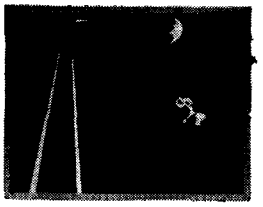

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Paul VI at the U.N.

Nearly a hundred years had to pass before the Catholic Church came to realize how its spiritual strength had been multiplied by the loss of temporal power. From September 20, 1870, when the Bersaglieri of the Italian king took Rome, to the Concordat with Mussolini's Italy in 1929, the Papacy chose to consider itself in captivity. Later, Mussolini's incurable antagonism toward religion, then Italy's entry into the war culminating with the German occupation of Rome, gave the Papacy a taste of real captivity.

For hundreds of years, some of the greatest minds Italian Catholicism has ever produced faced the implacable wrath of the Church by condemning the temporal rule it had established, in spite of what Christ said on what is God's and what is Caesar's. To establish forever the proper boundaries, Dante stormed through the outer world, and was unsparing in blasting the Church of Rome "that would in double government engage."

No struggle by Catholics against their spiritual leaders was ever so bitter and so long. It came formally to an end when, on October 10, 1962, the day before the first session of the Ecumenical Council opened, Giovanni Battista Cardinal Montini declared in a public address that the loss of temporal power had enabled the Papacy "to resume with the greatest vigor its function as a teacher of life, so as to rise to such heights in the spiritual government of the Church and in moral influence over the world as never before."

When, as Paul VI, Giovanni Battista Montini addressed the U.N., the enthusiasm of the cardinal proved not to have been dampened by the achievement of the highest dignity a man can attain in the Church. His speech was a hymn to joy: "He who now addresses you has no temporal power, nor any ambition to compete with you." From here on, the Pope engaged in a superb exercise: he wove the majestic fabric of the Church into the still frail tapestry of the U.N. The performance was magnificent. He attributed to the U.N. the ethical, indeed, the mystical qualities that the Church has been cultivating for two thousand years.

The U.N. does not "confer existence upon states," he said. Any more, we might add, than the Church confers existence upon its members. The U.N., the Pope said, qualifies "each single nation as fit to sit in the orderly congress of peoples." This qualification is, according to the Pope, to be extended to all nations that have not so far been admitted—obviously Mao's China—and to those which have left the U.N.—obviously Sukarno's Indonesia. Recognition by the United Nations, which clearly comes automatically, as if out of a natural right, is "of the highest ethical and juridical value to each single sovereign national community."

PAUL VI does not demand anything for himself or for the Church. Rather, he gives to the U.N. the ethical, transcendental power of defining criteria of legitimacy or virtue that the Church has consistently claimed for itself. It is as if the Church, having lost its political personality, has lost its right to judge what is good and what is bad in politics; what *is*, and what is *not*.

The Pope seems to assume that the U.N. has already achieved the high goals it has set for itself, that the Charter of Human Rights, with "the fundamental rights and duties of man, his dignity, his freedom—and above all his religious freedom," is actually enforced by the member nations. Pope John XXIII, in his *Pacem in Terris*, wrote that the U.N. Declaration of Human Rights "represents an important step on the path towards the juridical-political organization of the world community." In Paul's address there is no hint of the long, long way ahead before the U.N. Declaration of Human Rights can actually be enforced for the benefit of all human beings—East and West.

Paul VI has had his day of triumph at the U.N. and in New York, but the purpose of his visit was the address to the U.N.—an event that proves how immensely difficult it still is for the Church to deal with sovereign states, even now when it has joyously accepted not to be one of them. For the Church is in this world, even if it is not entirely of this world.

It has been said repeatedly ever since NATO was organized that the Pope cannot be the chaplain of NATO. Even more, no matter how tempting the affinity may be between universal or near-universal organizations, the Pope cannot possibly become the inspirational leader of the U.N.

THIS POPE in his first encyclical, *Ecclesiam Suam*, has superbly formulated a doctrine of "dialogues" between the Catholic Church and other religions or ways of thinking independent of religion. That was a magnificent document that has not received nearly the credit it deserves.

It is good that he has come to the U.N. and to know that he is back in Rome, where the Council needs his relentless attention—particularly over the Declaration of Religious Liberty and the position of the Jews. Once the Council is closed, the U.N.—what it is and what it pretends to be—will greatly gain by being the object of the Pope's critical attention. There are in the U.N. several strains of thinking and ways of acting worth stimulating the Pope's eagerness for healthy dialogues—something quite

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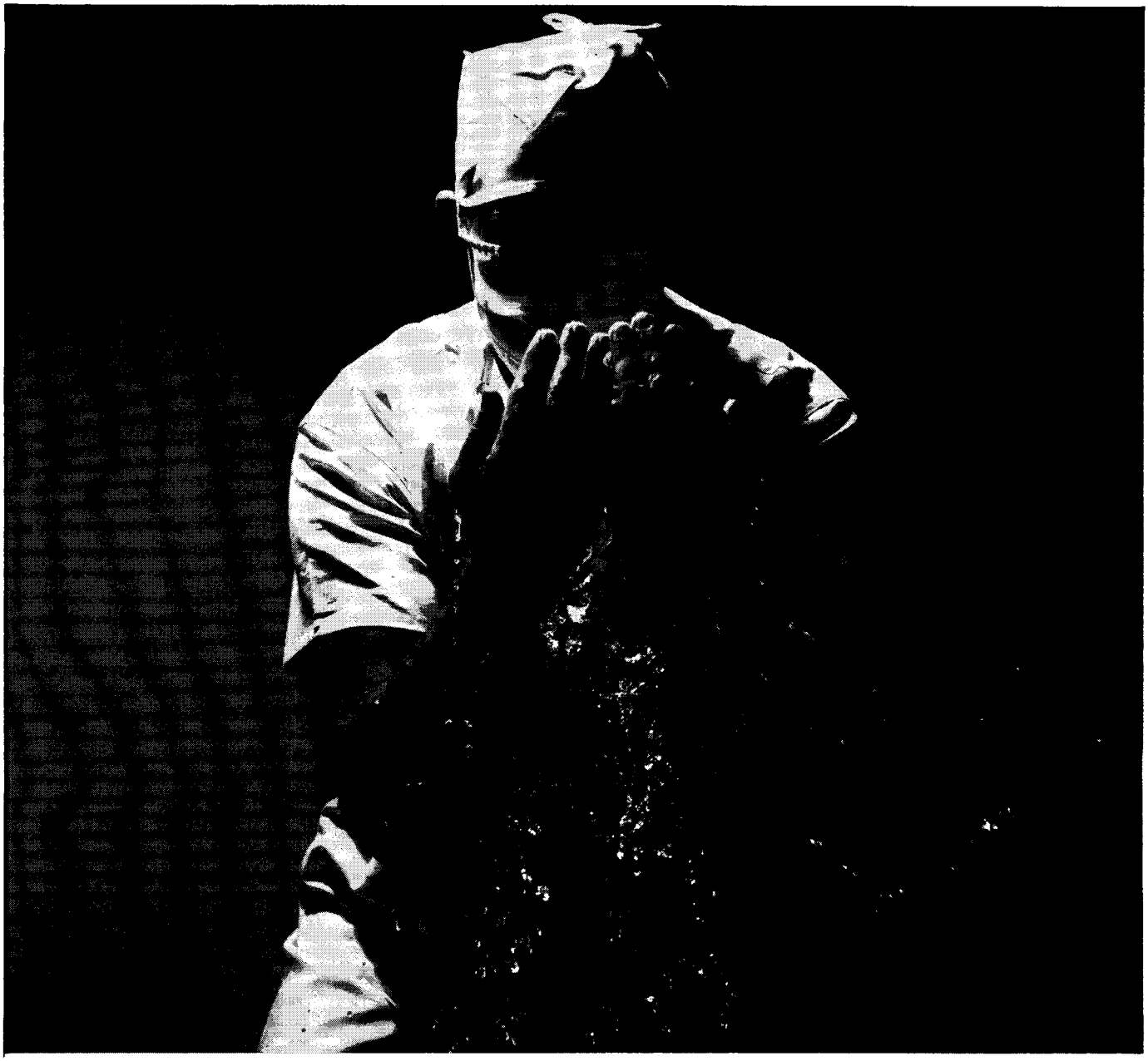

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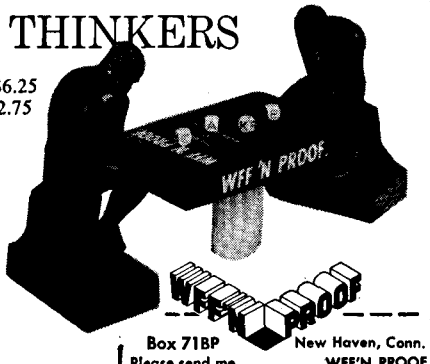

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different from the indiscriminate, unqualified absolution he has given the U.N. in his triumphal visit.

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After Hayneville

Most Americans were shocked, but few could have been surprised, when an all-white jury in Hayneville, Alabama, acquitted a part-time deputy sheriff, Tom Coleman, in the shotgun slaying of civil-rights worker Jonathan Daniels. But the meaning of the Coleman trial goes far deeper than giving what Alabama Attorney General Richmond Flowers has called a "license to kill." It dramatizes one of the root problems in the rural South, the systematic exclusion of Negroes from the jury box.

Segregationists are well aware that it is meaningless to add a few thousand Negroes to the voting lists in Alabama as long as they can be intimidated by the knowledge that it is worth their life to cast a ballot. Because an all-white jury will never convict a white man of a civil-rights crime, no matter how vicious, this situation is not likely to change unless stronger measures are taken by the Federal government.

It is not that such measures are lacking. Federal laws are violated every time a segregated jury convenes. An 1875 Federal statute forbids exclusion from juries "on account of race, color or previous condition of servitude" and provides a fine of up to $5,000 for any court official guilty of a violation. Yet at Hayneville, there was no one from the Justice Department to enforce this statute. Moreover, had Federal agents been at the trial, they would have observed a courtroom from which Negroes were barred—a clear violation of the 1964 Civil Rights Act (at one point, a state trooper summarily ordered a Negro youth to "keep your black tail out of here").

The Justice Department's inaction was made even more conspicuous by Attorney General Nicholas deB. Katzenbach's laconic comment that Coleman's acquittal was "the price you have to pay for the jury system."

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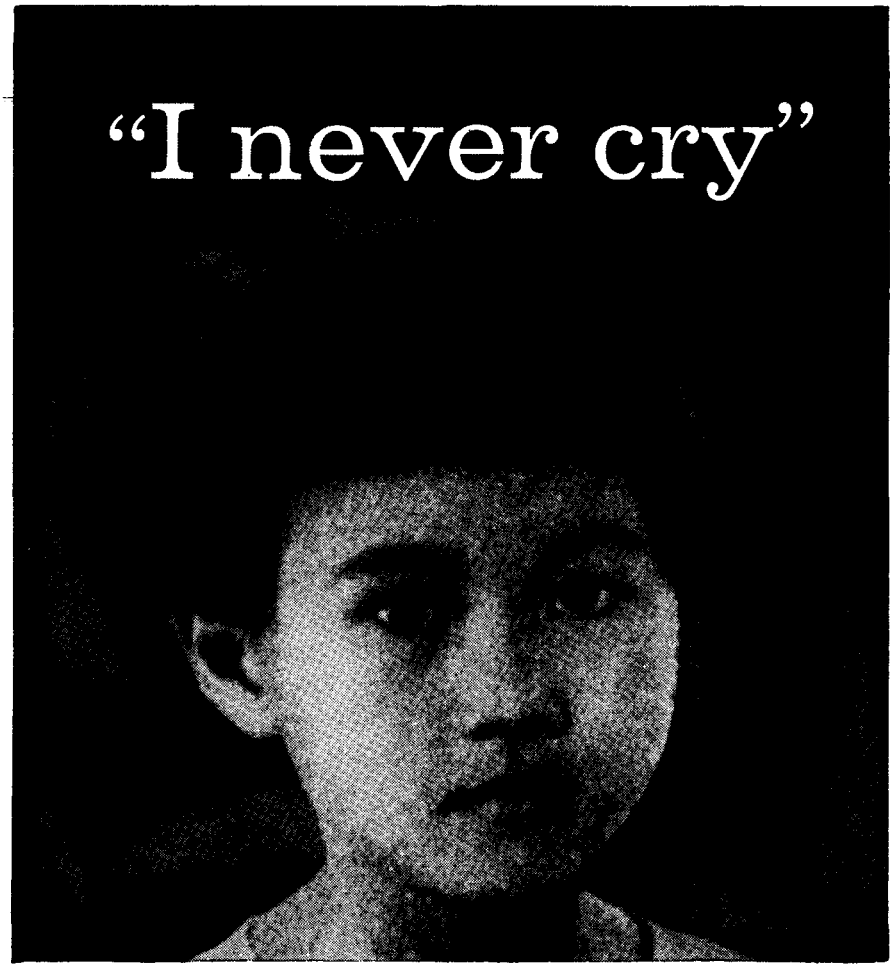

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sponded Charles Morgan, Jr., head of Southern operations for the ACLU. "I certainly think we ought to try the jury system. The jury system says the jury is supposed to be selected from a cross-section of the population. Eighty-one per cent of Lowndes County's citizens are Negroes."

Civil-rights groups recognize the crisis and are considering several lines of attack. One is to press for a "personal security" law which would automatically remove civil-rights cases from state to Federal courts. Another is to make civil-rights murders a Federal crime. A third is legislation by the states that would allow prosecutors to request a change of venue, a privilege now reserved to the defense.

But none of these proposals directly faces up to the jury problem. And perhaps that can only be solved by Federal court action. The ACLU, through Morgan, has recently filed a series of motions to enjoin trial proceedings in various rural counties until Negroes are proportionately represented on juries. In December, a unique *en banc* session of the U.S. Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals will hear arguments in New Orleans on the entire group of motions challenging segregation in both state and Federal juries.

Meanwhile, in Alabama, an ominous pattern of legal defiance has begun to take shape. In the same Hayneville courtroom where Coleman was acquitted, Klansman Collie Leroy Wilkins, charged with the highway slaying of Mrs. Viola Liuzzo, gained a hung jury. Last month a Federal grand jury in Mobile found no fault with Sheriff Jim Clark or the Alabama state police in the Selma bridge incident of March 7. A Perry County grand jury returned a no-bill in the death of Negro Jimmie Lee Jackson, who was shot by a state trooper during a civil-rights demonstration last February.

Through it all, Governor George Wallace has kept predictably silent. Though he made no move to back his attorney general's efforts to obtain at least a semblance of a fair trial at Hayneville, he was busy calling the seventh special session of the state legislature since he took

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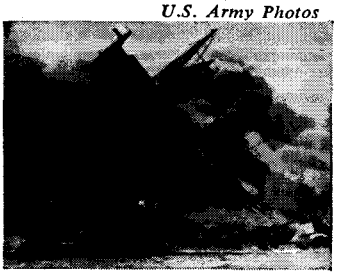

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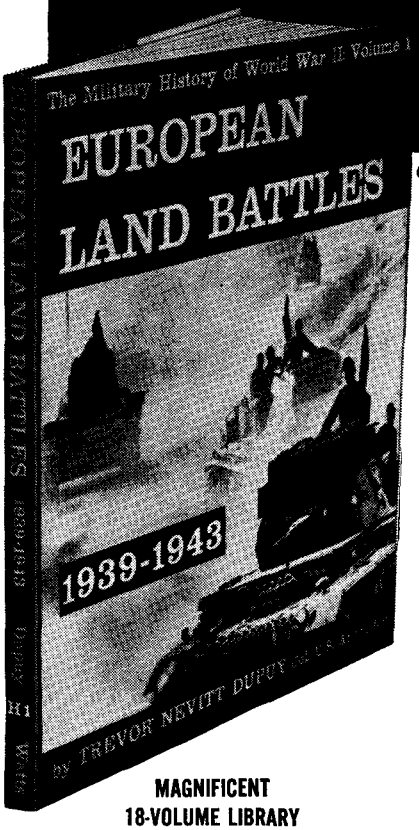

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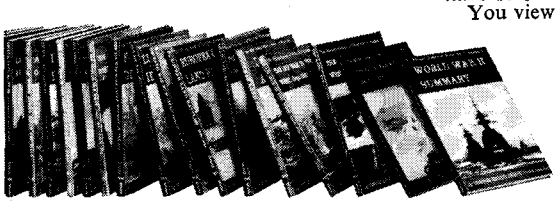

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office in 1963. The emergency? To get a constitutional amendment passed permitting George Wallace to succeed George Wallace.

The New Dominion

"Harry Byrd is a fine, fine old man, but he made three fatal mistakes," one of Virginia's Democratic leaders said recently. "First was his insistence on the massive resistance program to school integration when most Virginians were ready to accept token desegregation. Second, he failed to see the coming changes in the state's complexion. And lastly, he undermined the Democratic Party in the state with his disloyalty to the national tickets, encouraging the growth of Republicanism."

At a recent rally with the senator seated nearby, Mills E. Godwin, Jr., the Byrd organization's candidate in one of the nation's two gubernatorial elections this November, delivered a speech in which he asked that Virginia accept "the challenge of change" by substantially increasing funds for education, health care, and other state services.

Godwin's remarks emphasized the fact that after years of intransigence, the state Democratic leadership is shifting its course, and that Byrd's influence within his own machine has sharply diminished, his wishes being sometimes openly defied.

About sixty per cent of the state's population is now concentrated in metropolitan regions, with a resultant steady erosion of the Byrd machine's rural power base. A good part of this increase is caused by an influx of outsiders who are far more interested in such things as obtaining better schools than in preserving the Old Dominion's conservative heritage.

In addition, the newly important Negro electorate, whose 140,000 votes helped put President Johnson over the top in Virginia in 1964, represents a sizable voting bloc in all the major cities. Under the impetus of the Voting Rights Law, civil-rights leaders are striving to add 50,000 to the rolls, which would push the number of registered Negroes above 200,000.

Many regard Sidney S. Kellam as the Democratic organization's

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new strong man. Since his successful chairmanship of Lyndon Johnson's Virginia campaign in the face of Harry Byrd's "golden silence" in 1964, Kellam is widely regarded as the co-ordinator for its new disperate groups. Although a conservative, Kellam is a practical politician who believes in adaptation; he already has started a move to bring Negroes into the party as active participants.

Mills Godwin is a central figure in the evolution. As a state legislator and, later, lieutenant governor from a southeastern district with a large Negro population, he was an unyielding segregationist. Now that he has won the gubernatorial candidacy, however, Godwin is displaying new credentials. Not only is he advocating an unparalleled thirty per cent boost in Commonwealth expenditures for education, he also has indicated that he will support a sales tax to raise new revenue. Even more revealing is his quiet cultivation of the machine's longtime foes in the labor movement.

In view of all this, Godwin is a solid favorite to defeat his Republican rival on November 2, A. Linwood Holton, a forty-one-year-old Roanoke lawyer. Holton is waging an intensive campaign with outside help from both Richard M. Nixon and Dwight D. Eisenhower, but his best hope for a strong showing lies in polling a good majority of the Negro vote, and after the Goldwater debacle this now seems doubtful.

To be sure, the Democrats are not without problems. A new Conservative Party, composed mainly of diehard segregationists and headed by an avowed Birchite, promises to drain away some votes from Godwin in the rural counties. Nevertheless it seems evident that the new political forces in Virginia will compel the Byrd organization to deliver its promises after November 2. There are even some observers who predict that Godwin will bring to Richmond the most progressive administration since 1926, when a dynamic young governor fought the oil companies to impose a gasoline tax for highways, streamlined the state agencies, and supported an anti-lynching law. His name was Harry F. Byrd.

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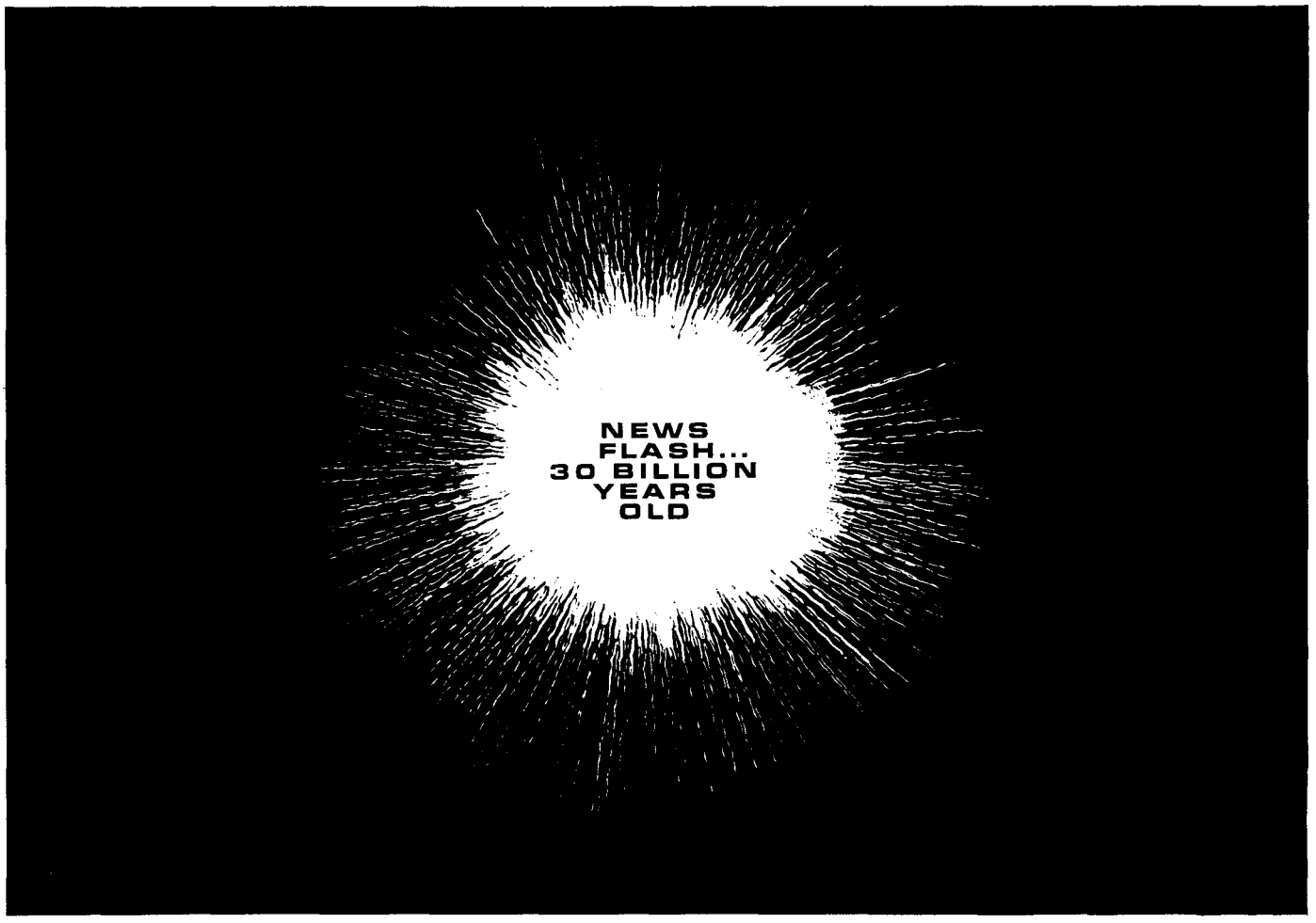
GREAT MOMENTS AT CHICAGO



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Dr. Schmidt lost no time in sharing the news – news that had already traveled 30 billion light years – with Dr. Subrahmanyan Chandrasekhar, editor of *The Astrophysical Journal*, published by The University of Chicago Press. In another twinkling, Dr. Schmidt's findings were appended to the April issue of the *Journal*, already on the press.* So it was that this specialists' journal (a journal that each month this year has found itself handling late news from outer space), became the means by which the daily press and thus the entire world learned of the great discovery.

Though they do not often operate in the stop-the-presses tradition, all of the university's 29 specialized journals perform similarly notable service. Without them – and the books bearing the Press's imprint – scholars would be deprived of a crucial means of sharing the results of their labors:

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THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler® No. 133

by HENRY ALLEN

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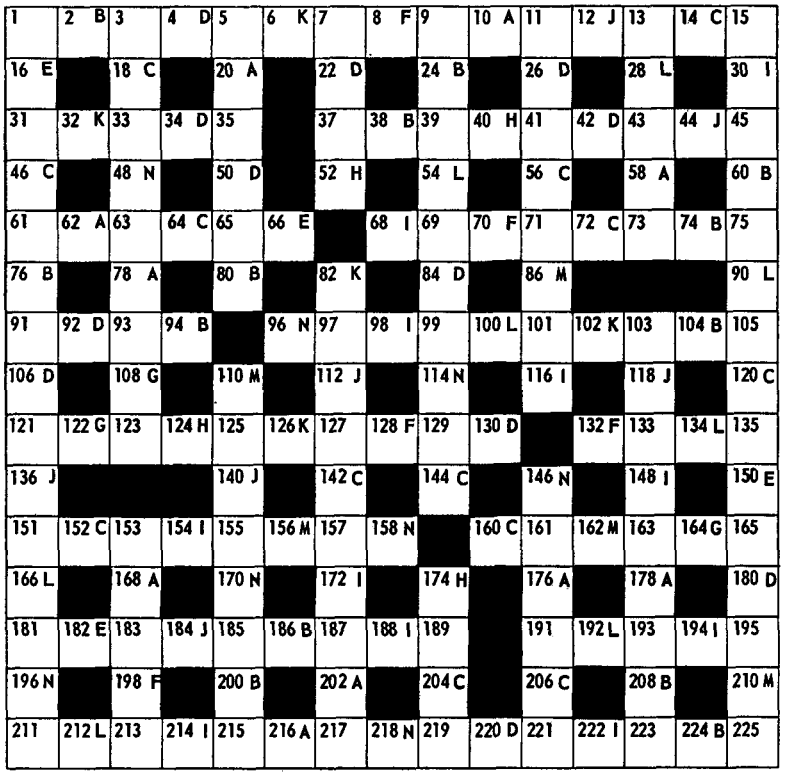
DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the Acrostician.



A
10 202 58 78 176 20 216 168 62 178 Guessing

B
76 38 74 186 2 60 200 80 208 94 224 104 24 Economic matter of concern to U.S. recently (6,7).

C
72 14 120 46 56 206 64 160 144 18 204 152 142 One of the things the Acrostician did during his recent accomplishment (6,2,5).

D
180 22 220 34 130 4 42 92 84 26 50 106 Virgil, for example (8,4).

E
182 16 150 66 "Or have we eaten on the insane _____,/That takes the reason prisoner?" Shakespeare, "Macbeth."

F
70 128 8 198 132 Indian hemp.

G
122 164 108 "Ah, what a dusty answer gets the soul/When _____ for certainties in our life!" Meredith, "Modern Love."

H
174 40 124 52 "But when I came, alas! to _____,/With a hey, Ho, the wind and the rain." Shakespeare, "Twelfth Night."

I
116 30 222 98 194 148 214 188 68 154 172 Heavier coconut fiber (7,4).

J
44 118 12 140 136 184 112 The first part of the proper of the Mass.

K
102 6 126 82 32 "The business of a poet, said Imlac, is to examine, not the individual, but the species; ... he does not number the streaks of the _____." Johnson, "Rasselas."

L
28 212 166 100 90 54 192 134 Each period of time (5,3).

M
156 210 162 86 110 Metrical stress.

N
218 196 158 170 114 146 96 48 Inner or essential nature or quality.

ACROSS

1. The end of everything and everything's end (4,8,3).
31. An I.O.U. in the afternoon may be a drug.
37. Where the Viet Cong want Americans as a nation, I suspect (3,2,4).
61. Enroll a pound, Stein.
68. The ancient dandy sold well (3,5) (slang).
91. Girl associated with the King of Siam and her fee?
96. A broken cart in antic surroundings and a cold place.
121. Headgear for bishops or miners? (6,4).
132. The third man sounds capable.
151. See 5 down.
160. Later in no town (3,3).
181. Solar rice makes a special iris (5,4).
191. Once more a profit, it's said.
211. All's well and not crude (11,4).

DOWN

1. Regarded a person with an old card game first (6,2,7).
3. Spin about ill to find what water does from a pitcher to a basin (5,4).
5. With 151 across, name of the Acrostician's principal associate (5,1,8).
7. A hill in Dunedin.
9. Master plat shows sections not of wood or water (5,5).
11. Huck's Duke and King had a Royal this.
13. A steed for a Renaissance family (1,4).
15. Annual budget or such permission. (6,9).
82. Place to inter hash and tea (2,3,5).
103. How to address a native of Calcutta with a glib nine (2,7).
110. The tennis player commits an ace and aids in some way (6,2).
146. Damon isn't angry.
153. Sad song of a ridge.
174. Detach from Grimshawe and Noble, Ltd.

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IDEA MAN

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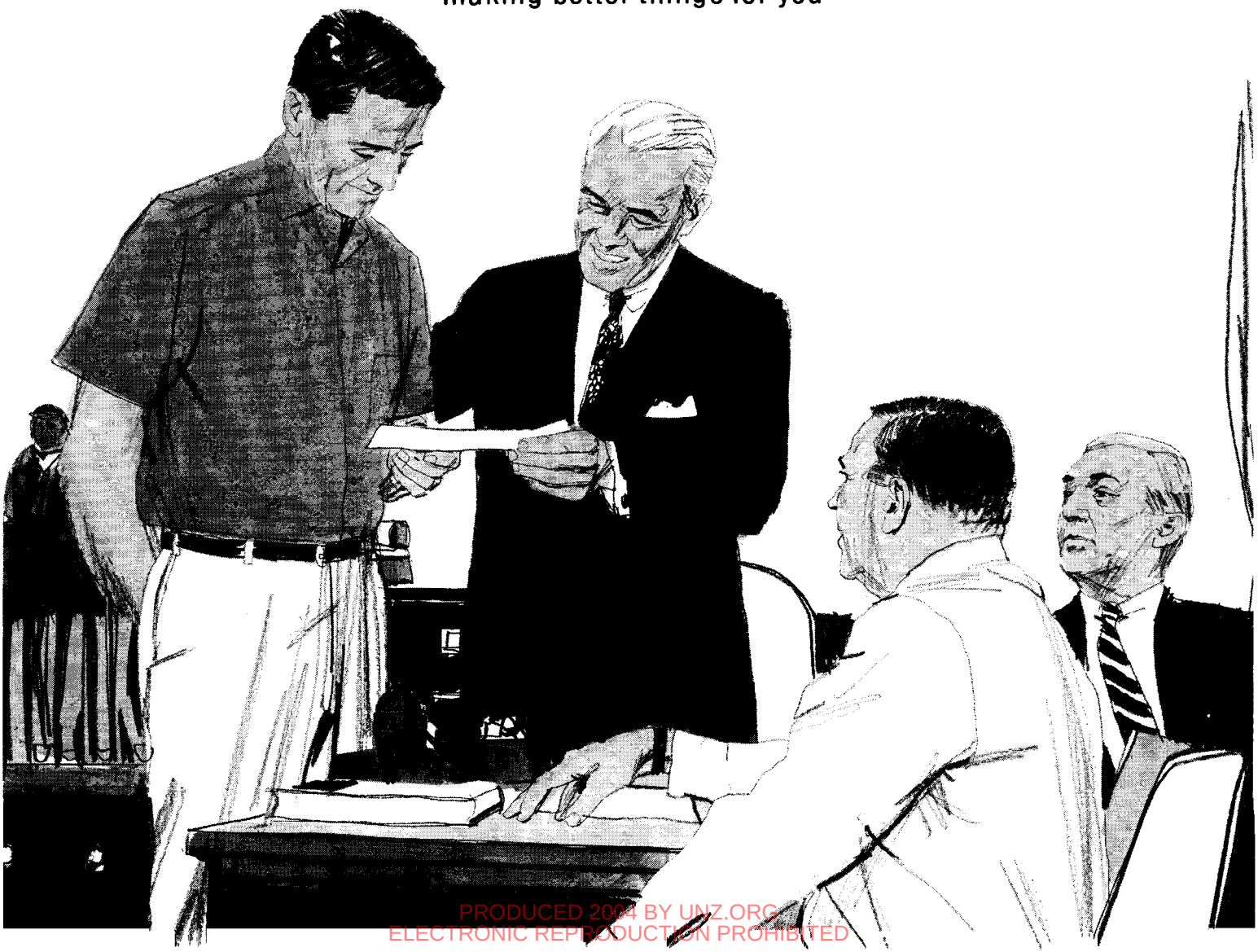
No, he didn't dream up a better mousetrap. But he's the kind of person who probably could if he put his mind to it. As the old maxim implies, though, if you figure out a way to do *anything* worthwhile more efficiently, chances are you'll be rewarded. It was certainly true of this ingenious General Motors employe, who recently collected $6,000 for a valuable suggestion that took just thirty-six words to describe—more than $166.00 per word!

The GM Employe Suggestion Plan has paid out more than $70,000,000 and produced more than a million usable suggestions since its inception in 1942. It is worth noting that a great many awards go to conscientious employes who would have submitted their suggestions even if there had been no monetary reward involved.

Whatever their jobs, these are among the real stars of the General Motors team—people who are truly interested in finding ways to make products and processes safer, better and more efficient.

General Motors Is People...

making better things for you



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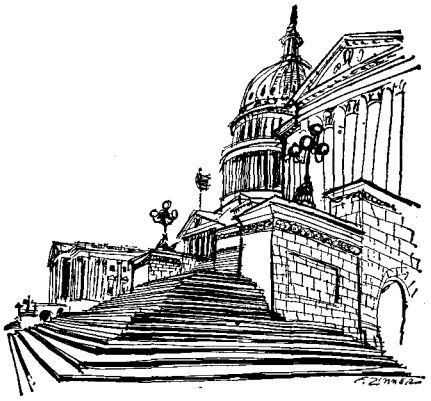

The Business Role In the Great Society

I. The Computers Tackle Social Problems

JERALD TERHORST

A NEW PARTNERSHIP between government and business is evolving that may bring about profound social changes in American life: the vast technical and managerial resources of the big defense and aerospace firms are being put to use in an attack on social problems that range from poverty and crime to water pollution and transportation. Elected politicians and government administrators are leading the way, and business is going along willingly, and for profit.

The collaboration is already a reality in the Job Corps program of the Office of Economic Opportunity (OEO), in studies commissioned by the state of California, and in plans projected by the Appalachian Development Commission. And while technocratic dangers exist and may well increase in such a partnership, there is every indication that private corporations will increasingly carry out programs now assumed to be the sole prerogative of the bureaucratic agencies of the government.

Although the overriding reason for this shift in corporate activity is the reduction in defense and space spending, there are other explanations. One is that the service industries, in contrast with manufacturing, are generally viewed by economists as the growth industries of the future. Technology has made it possible for fewer and fewer people to turn out a great abundance of goods that more than meet the needs of a growing population. And among the service industries, education is the fastest-growing of all. In addition, business finally seems to have arrived at the somewhat startling idea of accepting responsibility for alleviating the effects of some of the social changes its technological advances have caused.

This new corporate sensitivity has been expressed variously by almost every company that has bid for or won a Job Corps contract. Most mention a desire to preserve and strengthen "the free-enterprise system." Harold S. Geneen, chairman and president of International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation, puts it more specifically: "Some of you may wonder why a major, profit-making corporation like ITT wants to join the war on poverty. The answer is threefold. (1) We, in industry, owe it to our society to use our resources to cure a social ill that has been with us too long. (2) We, in industry, must maintain for ourselves and the nation a trained labor force. (3) We, in industry, have the capital, the manpower, the skills, the technology, . . . and the desire to get the job done."

A third reason for the growing partnership between government and business is a realization on the part of elected officials, particularly at the Federal level, that the huge governmental work force has finally reached the limits of efficient administration and the limit of voters' endurance. Conservatives in both parties have long been violently opposed to the seemingly inexorable expansion of the Federal payroll. For President Johnson, this presents a special problem. He has promised to make the Federal bureaucracy more efficient and manageable at the same time that he is implementing new social programs like medicare and the war on poverty—the "unfinished business" of the Great

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Society. How can he do both at the same time? One obvious way is to deputize private industry. And if business leaders can find it in their hearts to think warmly of a Democratic Chief Executive for a change, that is the President's political bonus.

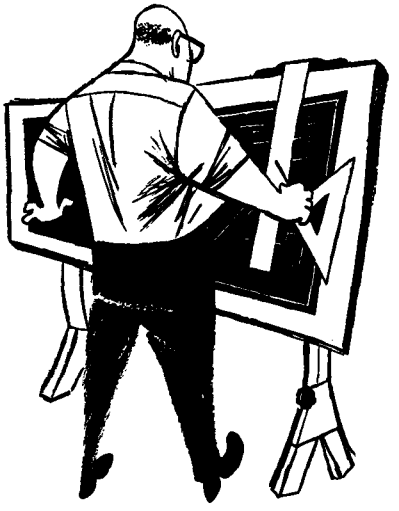
A fourth reason is what might be called *l'esprit nouveau* of American business executives, particularly those who have worked on technically sophisticated projects for the Department of Defense and the National Aeronautics and Space Administration. Out of their success in conceiving and constructing missile guidance systems, satellite radio transmitters, servomechanisms, computerized control plans, and the like, they have reached the conclusion that they can manage almost anything under the sun. Moreover, their experience in training personnel to operate complicated defense and space systems has convinced them that they can just as readily train Job Corps enrollees to read and write properly and to learn some of the skills for which there is a demand.

Rewards in Poverty

These managerial experts, most of them in their thirties and forties, have turned toward corporate opportunities in the social realm with as much verve and audacity as they have demonstrated in the area of defense and space. It takes a large degree of corporate confidence and vision to assume that there will be profitable markets for industry in the poverty field. It is, therefore, no accident that the firms which showed the most energy and imagination in defense and space programs are now the most active in bidding for contracts in the social-welfare programs.

Raytheon's Electronics Services branch is preparing to train five hundred young men from the Roxbury district of Boston in clerical duties and simple parts assembly. The project is a subcontract assignment from Action for Boston Community Development (ABCD), a new city agency for civic betterment, using funds from the U.S. Department of Labor. Raytheon plans to give the Roxbury youths their first look at the inside of a modern plant, place them alongside veteran employees, and instill such attitudes as pride in reporting on time for work every day for fourteen weeks. Since most of the trainees hanker for cars of their own, Raytheon may even see if they can be taught good driving habits through the driver-training courses it has perfected for Greyhound. For its efforts, which are frankly an experiment, Raytheon hopes to broaden its knowledge of job-training techniques, while obtaining a future source of manpower and reaping a small profit as well.

Besides a woman's Job Corps center, the Xerox Corporation has acquired American Education Publications, Inc., whose publications include *My Weekly Reader*, a newspaper that goes to about twelve million schoolchildren. Indeed, Sol M. Linowitz, chairman of the Xerox Corporation, is out to become the



top man in the field of educational services. But to do so, he may have to outpace men like Thomas J. Watson, Jr., chairman of International Business Machines Corporation, a fellow member of the OEO's Business Leadership Advisory Council. IBM is a pioneer in the technical-education field, holds one of the early Job Corps contracts (at Fort Rodman, Massachusetts), and along with Xerox and a score of other big firms is casting about for new ways to handle social problems.

Some industrial combines are now taking up the art of city building, not only to obtain profits from the lucrative real-estate and construction phases, but also as long-term investments in the public-service and maintenance market. Humble Oil & Refining Company has embarked on the development of Clear Lake City, a self-supporting community for 160,000 residents on twenty-six square miles of Texas ranch land. Already there are more than fifty such planned communities in varying stages of development across the country. The physical layouts, and the quality and design of the streets, schools, utilities, and municipal buildings, will obviously be conditioned by the degree to which the developer envisions himself as the town administrator.

Ubiquitous Litton

A prime example of the new effort is Litton Industries, Inc. A relatively new industrial complex, it is likely to become one of the world's biggest developers and marketers of the products and processes that have emerged from scientific and technological laboratories since the Second World War. From a modest beginning a dozen years ago, Charles B. Thornton, who once was Defense Secretary Robert S. McNamara's boss at Ford, has created a corporation with more than 5,000 products, manufactured in 134 plants in twenty-one states and twelve foreign countries. Litton's sales and profits are up thirty-three per cent this year, its stock is splitting two for one for the third time in six years, and it is nearing the magic circle of the fifty-five U.S. concerns whose annual sales top the billion-dollar mark. Litton is responsible for one of the first space suits produced for NASA, the first deep-diving Navy research submarine, data-processing machinery, and inertial guidance systems. Now it is turning out Job Corps graduates at Camp Parks, near Pleasanton, California, and tackling the problems of Appalachia.

The firm was enlisted in the war against poverty by John H. Rubel, the corporate vice-president who directs its Economic Development Division and who once served as McNamara's Assistant Secretary of Defense for Research and Engineering. Rubel is credited with persuading Sargent Shriver to bring private industry into the Job Corps picture.

"I think of the Job Corps as a complex transforming machine with many internal parts," he wrote in a

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memo to Shriver. "The input—the raw material—that is fed into this machine is people. The output is people. It is the function of this machine to transform these people."

According to Rubel, "Here we have a new government echelon aimed at altering the behavior of a class of people that isn't being duplicated elsewhere. The programs of OEO offer the country a chance of creating a new environment for these people and thus modifying their own past inadequate social behavior. It won't happen all at once, sure, but the knowledge gained in the behavioral sciences may bring pocketbook benefits to everybody, including business. Maybe we'll find out that man, raw man, is a lot different than we now think he is. We already have, to some extent, in the space program."

LITTON's contract price for the Camp Parks center is $13.4 million for two years. Its assignment is to provide, in the words of OEO, "basic education, good work habits and skill training" for two thousand out-of-school, out-of-work young men, sixteen through twenty-one, each year. That figures out to a $3,350 Federal expenditure per man. Contracts for social-welfare programs have fixed profits at somewhere between four and five per cent—as compared to the average six per cent profit in defense contracts.

To a modern corporation accustomed to training its own employees, the Job Corps assignment could look pretty routine. What excites Litton, International Telephone and Telegraph, Burroughs, and the other firms that are tackling the assignment is the license, freely granted by OEO, to "develop new instructional techniques and materials to help the enrollees become more employable."

Litton's Job Corps assignment calls for co-operation with the University of California, on a subcontract basis, in making available that institution's educational and research facilities. As at several other Job Corps centers, university personnel act as advisers and guidance counselors in plotting the nonvocational aspects of the Camp Parks curriculum. Because its own Job Corps supervisors are essentially educators and research specialists, Litton gets along well with the university personnel.

Originally Shriver planned to award primary Job Corps contracts alternately to universities and private corporations. That policy has now been scrapped because, as one of Shriver's associates expressed it, "When it comes to imagination, innovation, and just plain old initiative in education, the private com-

panies came in with superior plans. And they also had more detailed cost figures."

Moreover, educational institutions have enough troubles of their own. Rutgers University, which considered bidding for a prime Job Corps contract at Camp Kilmer, New Jersey, decided against the idea. "We were so tied up with our own undergraduates that we wouldn't have been able to free enough people to do it properly," said Edmund Jenusaitis, the university's liaison man at Camp Kilmer. OEO's disenchantment with academic attitudes toward the Job Corps program deepened with a series of incidents at university-run camps. Shriver recently suggested to a closed-door session of Republicans on the House Education and Labor Committee that Job Corps centers run by universities and nonprofit agencies are more prone to riots and disciplinary crises—mostly arising from idleness, bad food, lack of facilities, and other breakdowns in organization—than centers operated by industry. There have been no important disturbances at Litton's Camp Parks center, or at the centers operated by the Federal Electric Corporation, an ITT subsidiary, at Camp Kilmer, New Jersey; by Science Research Associates, an IBM subsidiary, at Fort Rodman, Massachusetts; and by U.S. Industries, Inc., at Fort Custer, Michigan. The same is true of the women's centers in Omaha and Charleston, West Virginia, operated respectively by Burroughs and the Packard-Bell Electronics Corporation.

In contrast, Shriver noted the riot at Camp Breckinridge, Kentucky, run by Southern Illinois University, and morals charges against trainees at Camp Atterbury, Indiana, run by the Midwest Education Foundation, a state agency. Five Job Corps trainees from Camp Gary, Texas, run by the Texas Educational Foundation, Inc., were arrested for shooting an Air Force enlisted man in San Antonio. A small "race riot" has been reported at Tongue Point Naval Station, Oregon, where the University of Oregon is running the Job Corps center. And the trainees' unladylike behavior and supervisory pampering at the women's center at St. Petersburg, Florida, operated by the Pinellas County Board of Public Instruction, has also generated nationwide publicity.

Shriver sees more than coincidence at work here. Business-operated camps have been free of such incidents, he believes, because management executives "know how to run things . . . how to train people in realities. . . . There is no play acting." Obviously, the first flare-up at a business-run center will tarnish Shriver's theory. But it will not materially alter OEO's conviction that corporations do a better over-all job.

LITTON INDUSTRIES is not satisfied with investing all its excess energies in the Job Corps. Months ago it made a move to be in on the ground floor of the Appalachia program, and for the bargain price of $210,000 it has been awarded the assignment of surveying the economic potential of the region. For the last nine months, more than a dozen Litton analysts have been digesting statistical data on the people, cities, industries, and natural and man-made resources of the mountainous belt that runs from southern New York into southern Alabama. Federal Co-chairman John L. Sweeney and the twelve Appalachia state governors on the Appalachian Commission hope to get from the analysis a blueprint that will determine where

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and for what the $1.1 billion in Federal funds and millions more in state and local money ought to be spent. In return, Litton hopes the economic report will bring it assignments to carry forward some of the anticipated developmental projects, vocational-education centers, public-health facilities, water-resource projects, and industry-generating programs.

The Appalachia program, like the Job Corps, is the kind of social enterprise on which Litton is testing out the vaunted "systems analysis" approach that has worked so successfully in the defense and space fields. Systems analysis is a label invented by management in the computer age to define a way of tackling a problem. The mystique of the phrase alone is worth $100,000; no firm worth its stock would do a systems analysis for less. It connotes computers, electronic data processing, and problem gaming, and a corps of Phi Beta Kappas interpolating, extrapolating, and co-ordinating the results. In reality, the systems approach is nothing more than careful consideration of all the alternative ways and combinations for accomplishing a given task.

Because of the technological advances in information gathering and the development of operations research, and the application of physical-science methodology to defense and space problems, there has now evolved a scientific discipline that encompasses analysis, cost effectiveness, and decision theory. Systems analysis has enabled the Pentagon, NASA, and industry to set up massive and complex programs of research and production. Yet it is a tool, not a solution, and no better than the minds that put it to work. As one scientist observed, the systems approach did not enable the aerospace industry to anticipate the defense-spending cutbacks that jarred many firms into thinking, apparently for the first time, about applying their resources in brainpower and managerial skill to the social tasks of society.

Hennepin—Gambit or Gamble?

John Rubel of Litton sees the systems approach as "a way of inventing your way to a solution." The Job Corps and the problems posed by Appalachia both call for the systems approach, he believes. The first is a laboratory for individual development, the latter for social development. Rubel does not profess to know what the answers are, but he and other corporation executives are convinced that the sociologists, the universities, and the government do not have the answers either. "We are all learning together," Rubel says.

Already contradictions have turned up. Litton's "working" document on Appalachia, for example, presupposes that a county with less than 10,000 inhabitants is unlikely to be a basic area of primary growth potential. Yet the Appalachia Federal staff is intrigued by the recent decision of the Jones & Laughlin Steel Corp. to locate a steel-mill complex, costing $600 million and employing several thousand workers, in the village of Hennepin, Illinois (pop. 391). To find out why, Sweeney is calling in The Fantus Co., which selected the Hennepin site for Jones & Laughlin and which, since 1919, has situated no less than 2,500 indus-

trial plants employing more than a million workers. The disconcerting thing about the projected plant at Hennepin is that its success could ruin Litton's growth-center theory—along with any Federal development program based on it. The moral of Hennepin, at least to Chairman Sweeney and some of the state members on the Appalachian Commission, is that since the government will be spending only a small fraction of what private industry will spend, it must make sure which way the corporations are heading.

John Whisman, Kentucky's Appalachian representative, is now getting ready to lead a states' battle against the acceptance of Litton's argument that growth potential should be the prime factor in deciding whether an area gets help. He talks about a "growth creation factor" in little towns whose economic life is developing in a way that doesn't show on the traditional barometers. Whisman contends, moreover, that Congress didn't intend to give priority to the bigger cities of Appalachia.

OTHER CRITICISM of the business approach to social programs is being heard around the country. ITT, it is charged, picked up its $11.5-million Job Corps contract at Camp Kilmer merely as part of a diversification policy that led it to acquire Avis, Inc., several months later. And despite their professed commitments to social change, Litton, Philco, and other companies have been accused in some quarters of sermonizing all the way to the bank. Shriver's office, and indeed the White House itself, is being criticized for promising an attack on the causes of poverty while merely attacking its effects—the educational and behavioral inadequacies of the unemployed. Eli Ginzburg, a Columbia University manpower specialist, has taken the position that the object of the Job Corps should be to train people for specific jobs, not to improve their "employability."

Partly to answer such complaints and partly to devise the criteria for measuring program performance, OEO has now created an office of research. Its director is Dr. Joseph A. Kershaw, a former RAND Corporation economist, who is on leave of absence from his job as provost of Williams College. Kershaw believes that criteria for evaluating the war on poverty will be available as soon as the first Job Corps trainees graduate. Will they go back to school, into the military, or obtain jobs? Any one of the three will justify OEO's counting the program a success. Over the long haul, OEO hopes to determine which of its programs provide the best return per dollar spent in the war on poverty. Should

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the government spend its money on Head Start programs for culturally backward young children or on Job Corps adolescents? Parenthetically, the Job Corps curriculum gives an insight into labor's attitude toward the war on poverty. The skills being taught at the centers are in crafts that are not highly unionized. Apparently it is recognized that even if youths were trained in many of the skilled trades, union restrictions would prevent them from finding work.

Bring On the Problems

Although business has carved a niche for itself in the Job Corps, it is not yet clear how it will fit into other social-welfare programs. The corporate scouts are out, however, and the Federal bureaucrats, sensing the mood at the White House, are surveying their domains for openings for corporate zeal. At present, the trend is to assign new social ventures to private industry, leaving the established programs until later.

There is, of course, no intention at the moment of surrendering the big Social Security headquarters in Baltimore or for handing the insurance and pension business of the Veterans Administration over to private enterprise, but there has been a decision to consign the paper work and the handling of patients' claims under the new medicare program to the private health-insurance underwriters, particularly Blue Cross-Blue Shield. Thus the doctors will be somewhat mollified, the insurance agencies will be partly recompensed for their loss of business, and President Johnson will be spared from attack for having created yet another army of Federal workers. The new bureaucracy will exist, but it will be a private one, run for profit by private enterprise at the expense of the taxpayers. Despite the steady rise in the cost of private insurance programs, Wilbur J. Cohen, Under Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, hopes that the companies will develop new administrative procedures for medicare which will keep operating costs at a minimum and which will apply eventually to the sundry insurance-pension programs still run by Federal civil servants.

One of the chief obstacles to entrepreneurial opportunity in the solution of social problems seems to be the limited horizon of the public. Arthur Barber, the Defense Department's Deputy Assistant Secretary for Arms Control, is one of those who believe that the unique managerial concepts and techniques of industry could be employed to develop new answers to many long-standing community problems. Barber and other Federal officials are talking up this point to defense industries, especially now that Pentagon spending has begun to level off. What is lacking, according to Barber, is a willingness to ask industry for total broad solutions. It should be asked, "How can we get from Los Angeles to San Francisco?" rather than "We want to build a four-lane road, so where should it go and how much concrete will we need?"

THE TALENTS of industry could also be employed, Barber suggests, in lowering operating costs of such public institutions as schools and hospitals. The cost of hospital care has doubled in the past decade, primarily because of increases in the seventy per cent of expenses that goes toward wages and salaries—mostly of nontechnical employees. The problem, as he sees it, is that hospitals, being nonprofit institutions, have not been designed to be efficient; therefore the Federal government should contract for the development of two or three of the most modern and efficient hospitals it is possible to devise. Adaptation of these facilities by state and local governments might result in hospitals with the lowest possible fees.

Movement by corporations in such directions is just beginning at the state and local levels. Currently, the most notable example is California, where Governor Edmund G. Brown has called in the state's aerospace firms to help solve problems closer to home than the moon and Mars—juvenile delinquency, smog, sewage treatment, transportation, and how to meet the ever growing need for more fresh water. But even if the financial and technical obstacles can be overcome, sooner of later the corporate planners will collide with that most elemental force in organized society—the politician.

How much influence, for example, will a councilman or a congressman have in providing jobs for constituents on a public project to be managed for profit by a business entrepreneur? Will systems analysis be able to replace the schoolteachers, the welfare workers, or other public employees displaced as the result of corporate innovations in meeting community needs? Or will political or occupational resentment enter into the conclusions and options offered by systems analysis? The questions raise an issue that is worth watching.

II. Experiment at Camp Kilmer

WAYNE WELCH

UNTIL last February, Camp Kilmer, New Jersey, was a deserted Army base. It consisted of long two-story weather-beaten barracks spaced out as far as the eye could see. But the center of the camp is now an expanding nucleus of brightly colored buildings and large parking lots where the Federal Electric Corporation is operating a training center for the Job Corps. The area is alive with young men, most of them high-school dropouts, walking to classes or lounging in front of their barracks. About a thousand of them live and study at Kilmer. Every two weeks, fifty new recruits move into additional barracks refurbished just before their arrival. Eventually, the camp will handle 2,500 trainees.

Already it is apparent that FEC has developed a successful formula for tackling the first large social project to be administered by private industry. The contract, awarded last December, amounts to $11.5 million over a period of eighteen months. The Job Corps then has an option

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to renew it from year to year for three additional years. It is a cost-plus-fixed-fee contract, which means that some of the business risk has been removed. At the same time, FEC must pay for unauthorized expenditures, or for government property damaged while in its custody. The Job Corps is responsible for recruiting the trainees and for finding them employment after "graduation"; FEC is responsible for the boys from the day they enter the camp until the day they leave. They may stay as long as two years, although the company expects the average stay to be about a year. The Job Corps pays each trainee thirty dollars a month, plus a terminal allowance of fifty dollars for every month he has spent in the camp. Food, housing, and clothing are free. In addition to the Army and Navy surplus clothes that FEC obtains from the General Services Administration, each boy gets a seventy-five-dollar clothing allowance so that he will have at least one good suit for special occasions, particularly for job interviews.

Rutgers University has the subcontract for aid in curriculum development, program evaluation, and staff orientation. It was chosen because it is nearby and has experience with underprivileged youth gained through its Urban Study Center, financed by the Ford Foundation. A half dozen faculty members of the Rutgers graduate schools of education and of sociology work full time at Kilmer. Their function is to consult with FEC on teaching methods and to evaluate the students' progress. They help FEC psychologists counsel the trainees and prepare FEC teachers on what to expect in the way of behavior.

Tough, but Not Tough Enough

Federal Electric's executives had vague fears that the trainees would arrive with black leather jackets and switchblades. Instead, they discovered that the problem of the young men in the Job Corps is that they are not tough enough. They have little patience or self-discipline, and this is where FEC's highly developed organizing methods are an advantage over a nonprofit institution's. The simple fact that FEC could get everything in the right place at the right time so that the trainees could move in with a minimum of frustration has eliminated many of the problems encountered at camps run exclusively by universities and nonprofit agencies. "We treated it like any other management job," Paul C. Ketchersid, FEC's director of the center has said. "We set up proper lines of control in which everything is someone's responsibility." Some Kilmer teachers feel that Ketchersid's ap-

proach is too simple for directing what is essentially an educational institution, and they complain that he sometimes is more concerned with the camp's motor vehicles than with its students. But there is no doubt that organization in a Job Corps center is more important than in an ordinary school, where it is incidental to teaching.

The corporation is particularly understanding of the trainees' incentives. The boys want to make money to an extent that excludes almost all other values. Some Kilmer counselors believe that few trainees want "to make something" of themselves; others disagree, pointing out that a number have transferred from mechanical training to courses for lower-paying white-collar jobs. But a psychologist insisted that if one type of trainee were offered more money to commit an unnatural sex act than to sweep a driveway, he would consider the first offer more valuable.

Everyone agrees that the prime goal is a job, and FEC quickly grasped and exploited this desire. Everything is taught in job terms. Reading and writing are important for learning a skill. A neat personal appearance and clean language are necessary for getting and keeping a job. And although the camp stresses that the Kilmer concept is one of "total experience" in which the trainees are given vocational, academic, and social improvement simultaneously, the key to the whole camp is obviously the series of large and well-equipped vocational shops. The trainees spend time in the various shops and start to work with their hands within three days of their arrival.

The shops are as authentic as possible, as much to make the trainees feel they are learning something practical as for their actual educational value. In planning its original contract, the company had counted on donations from private industry, and in fact such contributions have exceeded the estimates. In the retail clerks' school, several mock stores have been set up. A true-to-life sporting-goods store is stocked with merchandise donated via the National Sporting Goods Association. The National Grocery Manufacturers Association members stocked a store, and a supermarket chain sent an expert to arrange products on the shelves. Sherwin-Williams and others furnished a hardware store and General Electric an appliance store. The other shops, which include auto repair, service-station operation, cooking, clerking, appliance repair, metal trades, and facilities maintenance, are also realistically equipped. According to Owen Colquhoun, a veteran vocational teacher who gives instruction in auto repairing, Kilmer's "garage" is as fine as any in the business.

MANY of the vocational teachers are former industrial foremen with some experience in instruction. The theory is that they know how to handle men or they wouldn't have been foremen in the first place. Ernest Thurston, an instructor in the electrical shop, had been an electrical-skills instructor in private industry. Roger Lundy, senior cooking instructor, taught cooks in the Army. One teacher in the retail clerks' school was a sales-force trainer for Great Books. In spite of their experience, all of the vocational teachers have had to adapt themselves to the particular shortcomings of the Kilmer students. For one thing, most of the boys have absolutely no background in the skills they are studying. Many boys in the

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auto-repair course come from families that have never owned a car. Retail sales trainees have no conception of profit or loss. Another difference from ordinary vocational schools is that at Kilmer the student will not listen to instructions and explanations before he has seen a working demonstration.

But a big advantage for the instructors is time. There is no competition in the shops. FEC felt that one reason a boy drops out of an ordinary school is that he can't keep up with others. At Kilmer, a boy who studies typing can sit and peck day after day until he can type thirty-five words or so a minute, the minimum speed required by most office managers. If he studies electricity, he can go over the simplest wiring techniques for months, if he wants, before moving on to the next step. FEC hopes that by proceeding at his own pace, a boy will stick it out long enough to get better training than an outside employer could afford. "One of the big typewriter companies would send you to school for three or four weeks," repair instructor John Hemhauser told me, "but this is beautiful. You can train for a year or more, a privilege you couldn't have on the outside. It would cost too much money."

Background Building

FEC hopes that employers will seek out Job Corps graduates as bargains. The retail-clerk instructors, for example, try to give the trainees more background in retailing than a store manager could hope to find in someone who makes sixty-five dollars a week. First, they make the boys into employable clerks. Their language is toned down, their sense of order is developed by actually stocking the shelves, and their appearance is improved. In mock job interviews, instructors smear themselves with dirt, slouch in their chairs, talk loudly and obscenely, and indicate indifference toward the imaginary employer's product. The boys then pick out the flaws and keep lists of them.

Once the boys become presentable, they take field trips to supermarkets and other stores to hear what retail managers look for in the clerks they hire. Next, the students are taught the techniques of salesmanship, and finally the principles of management and making money. "We don't expect any of them to get jobs as managers," a teacher said, "but understanding some of the boss's problems will help them keep their jobs."

The teachers of academic courses have a more difficult task than the vocational instructors. Each boy's schedule is designed to fit his needs, and for many this means more academic than vocational classes. Mathematics, reading, social studies, and the like drove the boys out of school in the first place, so teaching them all over again requires a great deal of commitment. A number of the camp's academic teachers came from the Peace Corps, a background that FEC feels is an assurance that the teachers will stick it out. "Too many teachers come here enamored with the idea of participating in a great social project," Henry LaParo, FEC's educational director of Kilmer, told me. "Then the lustre wears off and they want to go back to their public-school students." Some Kilmer teachers are on leaves of absence from public schools to learn techniques that will help them deal with slower students.

An attraction for teachers is the experimentation at Kilmer. One reason FEC got its contract was that it had done work in programmed learning, largely in teaching electronics and management. The Job Corps hoped that it therefore would more readily adopt educational innovations that public schools have not yet accepted. So far, FEC has not developed any new programs for the kind of students enrolled at Kilmer. It claims that it will do so once more information is available on the boys' shortcomings. It has, however, made use of teaching methods from the most advanced public schools, including team teaching and modern visual aids. The teachers are helped by a stricter grouping of students of similar ability than occurs in a public school. They are also helped by some of the students' natural curiosity about their new vocational skills. "A man who learns to fix refrigerators will eventually wonder what makes them work, and then may be curious about the expansion of gases. After that, he may want to read about refrigerators," an administrator told me.

Everything but Girls

Whether or not Kilmer students actually do develop natural curiosity, daily staff conferences co-ordinate the academic and vocational instruction. If a reading teacher, for example, informs a cooking instructor that a boy is not applying himself, the instructor next day will give the boy a difficult recipe to read and a lecture on the importance to cooks of reading. Students in metalworking classes are constantly told that they won't get jobs until their arithmetic is good enough for micrometer readings. Social-studies teachers stress the importance of getting along with all kinds of people in order to hold a job. By relating academic subjects to the job, Kilmer has managed to make the boys understand their practical value.

In addition to vocational and academic courses, Kilmer has programs in physical education, arts and crafts, fine arts, sports, dances with local girls—even Explorer Scout posts. Discipline is carried out through group-interaction sessions. In these daily sessions, the boys sit in groups of twelve with the adult leader who lives with them. They discuss each other's progress and transgressions and mete out punishment. The boy is thus disciplined by his peers, and Kilmer's directors credit this system with preventing many of the other camps' disciplinary problems.

None of these programs, however, would be effective if FEC had not properly harnessed the boys' basic drives to the drive for finding a job. As one of them told me, "This place may have everything, but it doesn't have girls, and I'm getting out of here as soon as I can learn enough to get a job."

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Who Needs Newspapers?

A. H. RASKIN

Perhaps the most interesting aspect of last month's shutdown of the New York newspapers was how little public clamor there was over their disappearance.

When these same papers were blacked out for 114 days three years ago, would-be peacemakers at every level of public life were almost as numerous as pickets. Even before the strike began, President Kennedy sent Secretary of Labor W. Willard Wirtz to New York to try to avert it. As the weary weeks of shutdown dragged on, the President and his press secretary, Pierre Salinger, involved themselves directly in the peace efforts. Mr. Kennedy, probably the most avid newspaper reader ever to reside at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, complained that the strike had "passed the point of public toleration" and urged that it be ended through some form of arbitration or fact-finding.

Dozens of other attempts were made to exert public pressure for a settlement. Secretary Wirtz, Governor Nelson A. Rockefeller, and Mayor Robert F. Wagner joined in appointing three distinguished jurists as members of a Board of Public Accountability to clarify the issues. President George Meany of the AFL-CIO signified his readiness to be helpful in lifting the strike curtain but got no encouragement from the striking printers. Senator Jacob K. Javits and a score of other New York legislators, worried by the cutoff of daily journalism in the nation's communications capital, sought to intervene personally. It was against this background of seemingly universal concern that the persistence of the mayor and the ingenuity of his chief labor adviser, Theodore W. Kheel, finally brought the stilled presses back to life.

This time, with the mayor a lame duck, virtually the entire burden fell on Kheel. He worked around the clock, seven days a week, with his usual combination of resourcefulness and imperturbability. But no sense of urgency appeared to spur the negotiators on either side as they haggled over fine points of language; nor was there much visible sign of dismay in any corner of government at the damage that might be done to the democratic process by the absence of most of the city's dailies throughout a crucial part of the municipal election campaign, the preadjournment activity in Congress, the United Nations' trial by gunfire in Kashmir, and Pope Paul's visit to New York. Even the department stores, Broadway shows, and others with a bread-and-butter interest in the papers' regular appearance took their unavailability with the resignation of people who had learned that they could live without them.

Undoubtedly, part of the difference in community reaction lay in the fact that the blackout was less total the second time around. The *Post*, which had quit the Publishers Association of New York City a

month before the last strike ended, was on the stands from the start this time, and the *Herald Tribune* joined it a week and a half later. But, even with a sharp increase in their press runs to take fullest advantage of their transitory monopolies in the morning and afternoon fields, these papers put out only 1.7 million copies a day. The normal distribution of all the metropolitan dailies at this period of the year would have been roughly 4.5 million copies. Thus nearly two-thirds of the customary readership was going unserved, with so little outcry that public officials felt no compunction in ignoring their deprivation.

One of the few top officials who viewed the situation without apathy was Arthur J. Goldberg, United States Ambassador to the United Nations. The man who went from labor peacemaker to international peacemaker via the Supreme Court almost certainly would have joined Kheel as mediator in the newspaper talks if he had not been rather busy at that moment in trying to settle the Indian-Pakistani conflict.

Goldberg had some specific long-range ideas about what should be done to keep newspaper strikes from becoming a habit. These ideas deserve the attention of the New York publishers and the unions with which they battle so regularly, not only because the ambassador has such impressive credentials in labor-management affairs but also because nothing in the present power relationships in the newspaper field offers the slightest basis for optimism that their warfare will not become institutionalized.

Goldberg starts with the premise that the Constitutional guarantee of freedom of the press implies that there will be a press actively carrying forward its mission of public enlightenment; that in a democracy dependent on public understanding and knowledge, the press is at least as much of a public utility as railroads, subways, electric generating companies, or waterworks.

His answer to the need for uninterrupted newspaper publication does not lie in governmental compulsion but in the voluntary ratification by newspaper owners and unions of a "protocol of peace." The concept harks back to the protocol that a predecessor of Goldberg's in the Supreme Court, Louis D. Brandeis, initiated to bring peace to New York's garment industry in 1910—an indication of how long it takes for civilized methods to penetrate the jungle of industrial relations.

Actually, Goldberg has an updated version of the Brandeis protocol in mind. Its model is the no-strike plan the ambassador himself put across in the field of missile site construction when he was Secretary of Labor at the beginning of the Kennedy administration. That plan was an outgrowth of a rash of quickie strikes by building-trades unions at Cape Canaveral and other missile-launching sites in a period when the construction was being given top

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priority in the military program.

With Senator John L. McClellan of Arkansas leading a strong Congressional drive for legislation to outlaw such tie-ups, Goldberg persuaded the national unions and the principal associations of construction contractors to blunt the drive by taking independent action. They agreed on a program for referring all disputes to a special machinery of conciliation, with final resolution by a national panel of impartial experts as the end point if no direct accord was reached. This machinery has not succeeded in eliminating every stoppage, but the strikes have been few and brief.

Goldberg believes the adaptation of such a conciliation plan to newspapers must proceed from a recognition by the publishers that they are not just an ordinary group of employers engaged in a conventional business but that they are custodians of a public trust. The implementation of that philosophy would have to entail the willingness of the owners as well as the unions to accept decided limitations on the practice of business as usual.

One such curb would be the acceptance of third-party review on matters that transcend the customary boundaries of labor relations, notably the justification for shutting down or consolidating newspapers. Obviously, if a newspaper is viewed as a public utility, the decision on its life or death should be subject to independent scrutiny in the same way as the question of discontinuing a commuter railway or raising electric rates. Since the survival of jobs is so intertwined with the life of the papers, a tribunal on newspaper mergers and closings would provide a powerful incentive for the feuding newspaper unions to surrender some of their sovereignty over strikes to a similar review agency.

"Newspapers are the highest type of public utility," says Goldberg, "and the standards of independent determination that prevail in the utility field are more pertinent to newspapers than those of normal collective bargaining."

Mutual Fragmentation

It would be delusive, however, to pretend that the ambassador's call to reason is likely to be heeded by either side. On the management side in the New York newspapers, all is division. The Publishers Association is fragmented, both by the withdrawal of two of its members and by fundamental differences over philosophy and tactics among those who remain inside. The Newspaper Trades Council, a unity group established before the 114-day strike to co-ordinate the bargaining approach and objectives of the ten unions, has been shattered this year by the secession of five unions representing two-thirds of the industry's workers. Clearly the need is for an integrated effort by the publishers and the unions to solve the problems of automation, but more doors were locked than were opened in the tangled course of this year's negotiations. Revolutionary changes are taking place in the technology of printing; out of the economies they make possible could come the financial stability needed to keep marginal papers alive and to preserve jobs for their employees.

The one hope that now seems to exist for developing a co-ordinated approach to automation on both sides lies in the joint boards that some of the new newspaper contracts have set up for dealing with changing technology. To be fully effective, these boards will have to include all the publishers and all the crafts and establish an apparatus for joint bargaining in future contracts. Otherwise, the future will hold a limitless vista of strikes and strike threats by each union until the papers are bled to death by the pyramiding of demands and the attrition of patronage that accounted for the temporary loss of 2.8 million readers during the 1965 shutdown.

It scarcely requires saying, of course, that improved labor relations and improved technology are not all that the press needs to recapture and hold all those lost readers. New Yorkers discover every time their newspapers vanish that television, radio, news magazines, and out-of-town papers are no adequate substitute. But, with the apparent exception of the very different audiences that consider no day complete without the *Times* or the *News*, the other papers are expendable, even when the inadequacy of the alternative is evident. Content must be even more a concern of every paper than in the past, no matter how idyllic the course of labor-management togetherness becomes.

Of Rails and Ships and Steel

The remoteness of that idyll calls attention to the continuing absence in other key industries of dependable machinery for protecting the public against crippling work stoppages. One of the first reports submitted to President Kennedy by his Advisory Committee on Labor-Management Policy pointed up the desirability of revising the national emergency provisions of the Taft-Hartley Act. The representatives of industry, labor, and the public on the panel agreed that the existing law was insufficient in that it merely provided for postponing a calamitous tie-up without establishing any formula for ending the basic dispute before the eighty-day cooling-off period expired.

Secretary Goldberg, a congenital activist, told Mr. Kennedy that there were certain industries, such as transportation and aerospace, in which the government could not be indifferent to the imminence of a strike. But the interventionist trend abated with his departure from the cabinet, and the White House reverted to improvisation as a substitute for policy in handling disputes that became too troublesome to be ignored.

When the endless conflict over railroad featherbedding threatened to precipitate a national tie-up after all the procedures of the Railway Labor Act had been exhausted, Congress passed the first compulsory arbitration act in the country's peacetime history. But even that left some sticky issues for resolution through collective bargaining. When these seemed likely to explode in a strike, President Johnson interposed himself as peacemaker and kept the trains running.

But a new crisis in the railroads almost certainly will arise next year when the compulsory-arbitration law runs out and the locomotive firemen press again their rear-guard action against progress. Litigation over what "status quo" is to prevail when the law expires will delay a shutdown, and the determination of the locomotive engineers to cannibalize what is left of the firemen and their union

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will provide further insurance against an eventual halt of service. Yet all such expedients are a poor substitute for trustworthy legal defenses against a cutoff of train operations.

The recent eleven-week maritime strike was a reminder of the unsettled state of industrial relations in the merchant marine. Secretary Wirtz and George Meany are currently engaged in a joint attempt to end the "me too" rivalry among the unions in that industry by developing over-all arbitration machinery for settling conflicts over the manning of automated ships. The government has a whip in this field because the merchant marine's survival depends on subsidies, but whether the ships sail still depends on the quixotic relationships between the operators and the mercurial union chiefs with whom they bargain.

In steel, the bargaining story is perhaps saddest of all. For here was an industry and a union which stopped being wards of the government after two decades of almost total dependence, and which developed a promising new instrument for co-operation in avoiding strikes, and then slipped back into the old mold of leaving it to Papa. The Human Relations Committee, through which the steel producers and the United Steelworkers of America discussed their mutual problems on a year-round basis, worked admirably in 1962 and 1963 as a device for ensuring equity to the industry's workers without exposing the nation to strike jitters or new bursts of wage-price inflation.

But the committee's unspectacular methods and the degree to which it made manifest the centralization of authority that John L. Lewis and Philip Murray had brought into the union at its inception provided abundant ammunition for rank-and-file attack in the steel union's election last February. The new leadership, under I. W. Abel, downgraded the committee and went back to the old techniques of crisis bargaining. The result was a reversion to the familiar White House tableau, with distinctive new elements of personal style contributed by President Johnson. Unless something is done to repair the deficiencies in the legally established avenues of emergency action, the prospect is for more of the same every time a steel contract is negotiated.

The only Taft-Hartley revision on the President's legislative list is the repeal of Section 14b authorizing state right-to-work laws. Strong arguments can be made for this proposal in terms of the desirability of a uniform national policy on the legality of the union shop, but no argument can be made that it is comparable in national importance to the question of what to do about national emergency strikes. The problem is made more acute by the necessity for resolving the deep-rooted anxieties that automation has stirred among unions and their members.

One of the proposals Bernard M. Baruch was pressing at his death called for a Court of Labor-Management Relations. It would be made up of representatives of labor, management, and the public, and its decisions would be final and binding in cases sent to it by the President after all the processes of the Taft-Hartley Act had been exhausted. The danger in such a court of final resort is that its availability could

atrophy the will of either unions or employers to settle their own disputes, thus putting it in the role of an economic czar. What is needed is an instrument for strengthening our institutions of private creativity at the same time that we make sure the public is not the only loser in strikes that cut off vital services.

The national leadership of the AFL-CIO could make an important contribution toward fulfilling the twin goals of better community safeguards and maximum scope for private decision-making at its convention in San Francisco this December. It could propose revision of the federation's constitution to give it greater authority to exercise a moderating role in situations where crippling strikes undermine the public prestige of all labor.

To be sure, nothing is more cherished by any union than its autonomy in establishing its own strategy in collective bargaining and in carrying out that strategy in its own way. Even the international union seldom interferes with the conduct of a strike by its locals, and the federation has no direct voice at all. However, the concept of autonomy already has been substantially altered in such matters as union corruption, racial discrimination, and even that holiest of holies, jurisdictional disputes. Now it is time for labor to assume a collective responsibility for the over-all improvement of industrial relations. The responsibility is no less great for employers and government, for the challenge of change requires a new recognition of the interdependence of all elements in our society.

The Losers

The dismal lesson of the two New York newspaper strikes with their heritage of unresolved problems, frustrations, and hostilities is that labor and management can prolong their quarreling until the cake over which they quarrel crumbles into nothing. Irrationality breeds more irrationality; insignificant differences become monumental obstacles to understanding or accord.

Each side, convinced of its own eternal rectitude, sees the other with the grotesque distortions of a funhouse mirror. The rest of the world views both sides with a despairing sense that they are true mirror images who deserve one another. Trust in the quality and integrity of a paper's news reports, its critical comments, and its editorial judgments is the basic ingredient in its success. That trust can be undermined as effectively by the chronic incapacity of publishers and their unionized employees to get along with one another as it can by the unreliability or amateurishness of many papers when they are printing.

The decay of the press and of public confidence in the press can imperil all democratic values. The cataracts that blind newspaper labor and management may eventually fall across the eyes of millions of Americans, with disastrous results for the perpetuation of an informed and independent citizenry.

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Up Front in Kashmir

EDMOND TAYLOR

NEW DELHI

A FEW DAYS after the start of the recent cease-fire—if it can be called that—I stood in the main street of a partially burnt-out Kashmiri village under the majestic chenar trees that are the Vale of Kashmir's special glory and wearily thanked the peasants I had been talking to for the highly colored stories they had just told me about the events that burst in August upon their mountain paradise. Then I climbed into my car and started back over the mountains and across the plains to Delhi on the last lap of a fifteen-hundred-mile trip by car, truck, and jeep.

The five-day journey through some of the most sensitive zones in the intermittently hot and cold eighteen-year-old war between India and Pakistan had been as rewarding as it had been grueling. Rolling across the fertile plain of the Punjab at dawn, I had seen the immemorial tranquillity and the no less immemorial squalor of Indian village life alternate with model farms and impressive reclamation projects. Peasants driving oxcarts shared the highway with turbaned Punjabi farmers enthroned like maharajahs behind the steering wheels of shiny new tractors. The face of India seemed to be transforming itself before my eyes.

I had visited several critical sectors of the cease-fire line where the Indian Army, confident but wary, stands guard over its hard-won gains. I had heard somebody's artillery ceaselessly pounding somebody's positions in the nearby hills and watched Indian patrols combing the ravines for the several thousand armed Pakistani raiders who are still believed to be behind the Indian lines. I had talked politics and war with Indian colleagues representing every shade of opinion, every region of India, and every religious community, and I had marveled at the unanimity of their patriotic fervor. I had talked war and politics with the young company-grade officers who seem to be the most typical representatives of the intransigent but lucid new Indian nationalism that is perhaps the most significant development here in the last few years. I had witnessed some disquieting manifestations of the polarization of attitudes that seems to rule out any rational, humane solution of the underlying political problem of Kashmir for years to come. I had listened at a divisional headquarters in the Kashmir mountains while an Indian staff officer explained in convincing detail the ambitious strategic concept behind the infiltrations of Pakistani guerrillas that most of the world had dismissed as a series of obscure border incidents. And I had observed how the camouflaged Pakistani thrust into India had endangered the supply line of the Indian divisions holding several hundred critical miles of frontier in the Ladakh highlands facing the expansionist Chinese empire.

THE ESSENTIAL LESSON of the whole trip, however, a lesson that promises to be increasingly pertinent in the coming weeks, did not strike me until the long, hot, dusty drive back to the capital, when I started reading a document I had been carrying around for several days: the report of the United Nations Chief Military Observer in Kashmir, Lieutenant General Robert H. Nimmo of Australia, on the early phases of the armed conflict between India and Pakistan before it turned into a conventional, if limited and undeclared, war.

I had already seen the key passages of General Nimmo's report in the western press before coming to India, but reading it all in the context of what I had just learned in Kashmir threw a new light on it for me. As the Indians endlessly pointed out, the report confirmed their contention that Pakistan was the original aggressor. That was not all, however. Without realizing it, General Nimmo had also drawn up a devastating indictment not only of his own mission but of the whole United Nations peacemaking machinery. As an incidental by-product, the report makes it plain that ample evidence existed to warn Washington that Pakistan's U.S.-equipped armored spearhead would almost inevitably be thrown into the struggle that its guerrillas had launched, if indeed such intervention had not been planned from the first. Yet our observers, like those of the United Nations, missed the point or failed to put it across. Finally, the reluctance of India's civilian leaders to discard the mythology of Afro-Asian neutralism and their repeated criticism of the United States for helping to defend South Vietnam against a foreign-backed invasion was a significant factor in their failure to make Washington and the U.N. Security Council understand that the inci-

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dents documented in the Nimmo report constituted a clear-cut military aggression in a bitter political conflict.

The Timid Observers

No such sharp-edged conclusions are to be found in the Nimmo report, of course. Indeed, true to the U.N. tradition, the report has no edge at all. In his covering letter to Secretary-General U Thant, General Nimmo even seems to go out of his way to blunt its impact. "As you will note," he tells his chief, "the investigations . . . have in general not yet been able to verify, either through observation or direct evidence, the identity of those responsible for the action and participating in it, or whether and to what extent there had been in fact a crossing of the cease-fire line." Yet on page 3 of the report, dealing with "Incidents of 7-8 August in the Baramula sector on the Indian side," the U.N. observers state that they confirmed attacks by armed groups on five bridges, two Indian formation headquarters, and six pickets, some of these targets being up to seventeen miles behind the original cease-fire line on the Indian side. Further in the course of their investigation, the U.N. observers state that they "interviewed one of the captured raiders, who stated that he was a soldier of the Sixteenth Azad Kashmir (the portion of Kashmir seized by Pakistan in 1947 and controlled by it ever since) infantry battalion and that the raiding party was composed of about three hundred soldiers of his battalion and one hundred 'mujahids' (armed civilians trained in guerrilla tactics)."

Why didn't General Nimmo consider this statement, supported by various material facts, as evidence of "the identity of those responsible for the action"? When one visits the terrain, as I did, noting in particular the location of these five bridges that were attacked, it is clear that this invasion of Indian territory by three hundred regular soldiers of a de facto branch of the Pakistani Army, aided by one hundred trained guerrillas, was no mere troublemaking raid but a carefully planned attack aimed at crippling the movements of an entire Indian brigade or even division and at isolating certain of its forward units in key positions in preparation for a larger invasion.

An operation of this kind, and on this scale, needs weeks or even months to organize effectively and requires previous approval at least at the corps headquarters level. Yet the Baramula attack was only one of a large number of similar Pakistani raids into Kashmir between August 5 and 15, in groups up to battalion strength, along the five hundred miles of the old cease-fire line. Such an offensive unmistakably implied integrated strategic planning at the highest national echelon in Pakistan. The Indian military authorities, who originally estimated that there were more than three thousand "infiltrators," as they termed them, in Jammu and Kashmir, now seem inclined to put the number at six or

seven thousand, of whom about one thousand are thought to have fled back into Pakistan since the cease-fire, while about three thousand are still in Indian territory, mostly hiding in the mountain forests but occasionally staging a small attack here or there.

The actual number of raiders can only be guessed at, but the U.N. observers cannot have doubted almost from the first that they numbered in the thousands. The observers likewise knew—or could easily have discovered—that few if any of them were local inhabitants who had taken up arms on the spot. Even the Moslem opposition Plebiscite Front in Kashmir, whose leaders I interviewed in Srinagar, claims no more than that a majority of the raiders were native Kashmiris who had crossed over into Pakistani territory at some time in the past and joined the so-called Free Kashmir armed forces or paramilitary formations. And even this claim may be an exaggeration.

WHAT IT ALL amounts to is one more example of the twentieth-century technique of indirect invasion through paramilitary intervention in support of a real or fictitious insurrection on the victims' territory —what the Communists call wars of liberation. In this case, the invasion was disguised but direct, and the alleged local insurrection was largely if not entirely fictitious. A common pattern in most unavowed invasions is that they usually begin with what looks like mere harassment. But whenever the scale of harassment reaches the level it attained in Kashmir, one can be sure that guerrilla ambushes and sabotage will gradually evolve according to General Giap's three-stage formula into set battles between large organized formations. Moreover, experience teaches that to assure success the aggressor must always be prepared to intervene with conventional forces in support of his paramilitary units or guerrilla allies; the fiasco at the Bay of Pigs stemmed largely from our failure to heed this rule. Another prime lesson to be drawn from the history of unconventional aggression is that it is very hard to foil by purely defensive action on one's own territory; unless one is prepared to accept defeat, one must be ready to attack the bases, however distant, from which the enemy paramilitary assaults or support operations are launched. Our disregard of this principle for a while in Vietnam nearly led to disaster.

In the case of Kashmir, India might have been able to contain the Pakistani raiders by a simple police action. It was impossible to be sure of this at the time, however, and one can understand the Indian Army's decision to cross the cease-fire line in force to cut off the Uri-Punch salient from which the Pakistanis were launching some of their most potentially dangerous raids.

The subsequent escalation might conceivably have been avoided if the U.N. had identified Pakistan as

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the aggressor early in August and mobilized all the pressures at its command to halt the aggression before it provoked the inevitable Indian retaliation. But the U.N. tried to hold the balance even between the aggressor and the victim of aggression, as it has done many times before, and thereby failed in its mission to preserve peace. Despite the deficiencies that have been pointed out in the Nimmo report, the U.N. failure probably should not be laid at the door of the field observers, who are trying to do a hard and dangerous job under impossible conditions, but rather on the Secretariat, which imposes its bureaucratic blinkers on their observing, and above all on the Security Council, which failed to act in time on the conclusions suggested by the cautious report.

Recognizing Aggression

Seen in the perspective of the Indo-Pakistani conflict, the U.N. system as it now functions handicaps the defensive reactions of the victim. Last August India was the victim—perhaps to the secret satisfaction of some Indians who were spoiling for a good fight. Tomorrow it may be Pakistan's turn. I have seen no evidence of any impending Indian aggression, camouflaged or otherwise, against Pakistan, but a glance at the ethnic map of Asia suggests certain points where Pakistan might prove highly vulnerable to the same kind of paramilitary warfare it waged unsuccessfully against India. India itself is exposed to various forms of attack along its whole frontier with China, while certain elements here are publicly agitating for Indian support of Tibetan guerrillas. The truth is that all Asia is in ferment today, and unless the U.N. soon overcomes the inhibitions that make it unable to recognize any form of aggression except those which are long since obsolete, this huge continent may be heading toward a conflagration.

In fact, unless the U.N. observers here are given more realistic instructions and better support from headquarters, they will have a hard time even making the present cease-fire mean that the firing cease. Up to now they have functioned more like the referee in a boxing match who keeps pulling the contestants out of the clinches so they can resume swinging cleanly at each other. "We report to the U.N. that the Paks are shelling us," an Indian officer explained to me, "and we give them an hour to call it off. In the meantime, we go on taking our casualties and gritting our teeth. Then at the end of the hour, the U.N. calls back and says they are sorry but they can't get through to Rawalpindi or that they got through but the Paks wouldn't listen, so we say 'Thank you very much' and our guns go into action too. What could be fairer?"

More difficult is the problem of trying to get both sides to pull back to their original positions. Perhaps for the time being it is a hopeless problem, and instead of trying to enforce a general withdrawal, the U.N. would do better to concentrate on persuading the two sides to accept limited measures aimed at reducing the mutual sense of insecurity at certain crucial points along the front. I vividly recall riding in an Indian Army jeep up the hair-raising new road the Indians are building along the cliffsides—a remarkable feat of mountain engineering—to the 8,500-foot-high Haji Pir Pass, some nine miles beyond the original cease-fire line, and hearing the defiant "never" of a young Indian officer when I asked him how soon he thought India would have to return its hard-won position and that hard-built road to Pakistan. I could understand his feelings. That pass in Indian hands could prevent, or at least impede, the passage of Pakistani raiders through the Uri-Punch gap.

Another conversation that made a lasting impression on me took place in the garish bar of the Cosmo Hotel ("luxurious comforts under one roof") in Jammu, the disheveled little Hindu city that is the winter capital of Jammu and Kashmir State. A young Sikh officer next to me was celebrating his first leave from a long tour of duty on the nearby Chamb-Jaurian front, and when he discovered that I was an American he imperiously ordered the barman to pour a half tumbler of a brownish liquid tasting something like varnish remover into the already dubious highball of local whiskey I was drinking. I retaliated in kind, avoiding escalation, and then risked a joke on a subject that is no joking matter to the Indian people as a whole. "How do you like those nice new Patton tanks we gave you?" I asked. "Oh, sir," he said, in fluent but curiously clipped English, "you mean those Pattons we captured from the Paks. Oh, very good, sir." That broke the ice and we got down to some serious talk. "What would India do if the U.N. tells you to give up Kashmir?" I asked him point-blank.

"Oh, sir," he said, "I think the U.N. have to come and push us out. Not so easy, sir."

"But suppose," I persisted, "your government decided it was in the nation's interest to accept some compromise on the issue."

The young Sikh smiled an angelic smile. "Oh, sir," he said, "I think then we have new government."

What Is the Truth?

There seems little possibility of the situation arising. Prime Minister Shastri and Foreign Minister Swaran Singh are not bluffing when they declare that the basic issue of India's right to Kashmir is not negotiable or even discussable. Whatever role the U.N. may play, or pretend to play, in easing the tensions that now prevent a permanent settlement will require great tact and patience. It will also require more reliable information about present conditions than any government, including India's, appears to possess.

My own futile attempt to learn the whole truth about the tragedy that had overtaken one Kashmiri village made me realize the difficulty that any impartial investigator faces. The village, which is called Kanamuh and is situated about twelve miles northeast of Srinagar, was one of seven that Plebiscite Front propagandists told me had been burned to the ground by the Indian Army or local police forces in reprisal for help given by villagers to the raiders. On arriving, I found the village intact except for a number of houses at one end of it that had been recently destroyed. The frightened-looking peasants interrogated through my Delhi chauffeur said that Pakistani planes had bombed the village, killing more than a hundred inhabitants. But the appearance of the ruins seemed to belie this version.

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Before I went to Kanamuh, a trustworthy European resident of Srinagar, who had recently visited the village and questioned the survivors in their own language, told me that he gathered that some raiders hiding in one or more village houses had sniped at a passing Indian Army unit, killing two officers and an enlisted man. The soldiers had then done what any soldiers would do. Some houses had been set on fire and probably some civilians killed in the resultant action. It seemed the likeliest version, and I finally left Kashmir reasonably confident that nothing like the outrages alleged by Pakistani propaganda had occurred either at Kanamuh or elsewhere in the valley. But I would feel happier if the meager facts I could verify had left a smaller margin of uncertainty in my mind. The whole Kashmir issue is so complex and thorny that it had better be left for a subsequent dispatch. ««

Indonesia: The Generals Who Got Away

DENIS WARNER

MANILA

ON THE EVENING of October 4, after the second of President Sukarno's own brief broadcasts and the discovery of the bullet-riddled bodies of six generals and a lieutenant who had been thrown into a well on the outskirts of Djakarta, Major General Suharto went on the air. The general, a spokesman for the loyal army group, told in stark terms how the bodies were found. "If we observe this place, a crocodile-hole kampong," he went on, "it is to be seen that it is included in the territory of the Halim Air Force Base. If you look you will note the fact that near this well was the training center for men and women volunteers who were trained by the air force. They trained members of Permuda Rakjat and Gerwani [the Communist youth and women's organizations] who came from central Java.

"It is possible that the statement by our father, president, and Great Leader of the Revolution whom we love that the air force was not involved in this problem is true, but it isn't possible that there is no connection between this event and some elements within the air force."

This statement is worth study. As his listeners would have been well aware, General Suharto's obeisance to Sukarno did not conceal an implicit challenge to presidential omnipotence, an act that would have been regarded as *lèse-majesté* only a few days earlier. Even more significant to those familiar with the internal power struggle, but confused by what has now been designated as the "September 30 Movement," Suharto's statement left no doubt that the new army leadership was well aware of collusion between the Communists and the air force, along with dissident Communist-oriented army elements. The plan and pattern of Communist take-over in Indonesia had been clear enough in principle. Now here was the reality of Communist youth groups trained and equipped clandestinely and turned loose on a murder rampage that has no counterpart in Indonesia's often turbulent but rarely brutal history. The Communists had long wanted a "people's army." Sukarno, pressed by Chou En-lai, had thought it was a good idea. For the army leaders who had opposed it, the penalty was death.

Over the Wall

Some generals were killed with their guards at their homes. Others are said to have been tortured before being bayoneted or shot. All either had friendly relations with westerners in Djakarta or had been trained in the United States.

Defense Minister Nasution escaped as the rebels invaded his home by jumping from a high wall at the end of his garden. His five-year-old daughter, who hid under a blanket, was less fortunate: one of the rebels fired through it, wounding her fatally.

Nasution and the six murdered generals were the policymaking core of the Indonesian Army. The coup leaders assumed that if they were eliminated and if Sukarno was kept under "protection" at the air-force base, the regional commanders would hestitate to act.

Nasution's escape, the quick action by General Suharto, a loyal follower of the defense minister, and the rapid movement of forces from the Bandung headquarters of the bitterly anti-Communist General Ibrahim Adjie and his Silawangi Division were the main factors in breaking a coup which had long been planned but quickly scheduled. Essentially, it was part of the continuing struggle for power that gained momentum late last year when Sukarno's health appeared to be deteriorating rapidly. That relatively peaceful phase of the struggle saw a seemingly permanent eclipse of Third Deputy Premier Chaerul Saleh, a strong opponent of the Indonesian Communist Party, and a substantial strengthening of the Communist position. Though the Communists now had both numbers and influence with Sukarno, the army leadership, while professing only to be non-Communist, still stood in the way of a post-Sukarno take-over.

SUKARNO was the umbrella under which the Communists could act, and Colonel Untung, the ambitious or gullible commander of the palace-guard battalion, was their agent. Again the president's health precipitated action. During the week before the coup, rumors circulated in Djakarta that Sukarno was critically ill. This seemed confirmed by his appearance when he delivered a speech on the night of September 28. He faltered and walked off the platform but returned to finish the speech, though apparently in some distress.

Sukarno's subsequent helicopter flight to the rebel hideout at the air-force base and his silence during the first critical forty hours remain one of the mysteries of the coup. Suggestions of complicity or acquiescence have not been silenced

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by his explanation that he sought refuge at the base because it would have been easier for him to escape from there if the need had arisen.

Whatever the reason, when the mourning army buried its dead on Armed Forces Day, October 5, the enigmatic Dr. Subandrio, the first deputy premier, whose own position was initially in doubt after his inclusion on Untung's forty-five-man Revolutionary Council, was conspicuous by his presence while the unwell or unwanted Sukarno stayed away.

The president's absence on such an occasion and General Suharto's angry broadcast on the preceding evening are straws in a new Indonesian wind. For the first time in years, the Communists are under direct attack. *Harian Rakjat,* Djakarta's Communist daily, which described the September 30 action as "essentially correct," was immediately closed down. The Communist-directed Antara News Agency, without committing any specific offense, suffered the same fate. This does not mean that the Communists will now go into full retreat or the army into a full-scale political attack. Nasution has already proclaimed that there should be no thought of revenge.

SUKARNO'S position as the "Great Leader of the Revolution" is also unassailable. Just as the September 30 Movement "saved" him by its *coup d'état* and would have used him as a figurehead for its own ends, neither can the army afford to allow its feelings to upset its political judgment. As long as he lives, Sukarno is an indispensable asset to any Indonesian régime. He is much more than a symbol of Indonesian unity. He is the linchpin of the republic.

To an extent, as Sukarno is well aware, his assets have negotiable worth, and to this extent he will continue to be a political force. Even so, as an enduring base on which to build the Indonesia state, NASAKOM, Sukarno's blend of nationalism, religion, and Communism, has suffered a heavy blow, and the prospects of an early Communist take-over have receded.

The Cold Wind from Moscow: Detente Illusions Die Hard

ABRAHAM BRUMBERG

ON September 22, a few hours after India and Pakistan accepted the U.N. cease-fire resolution, Radio Moscow broadcast a commentary by one of its regular news commentators, Viktor Glazunov. He told his listeners in the Middle East that the cease-fire was "the result of the efforts by several peace-loving states," in the first place the U.S.S.R. His comments about the role of the United States were hardly generous: "Washington viewed the bloody conflict between India and Pakistan only from the standpoint of the struggle for spheres of influence. In other words, Washington did not think of stopping the bloody conflict between the two fraternal peoples, not of safeguarding peace, but of what sort of effect the Indian-Pakistani conflict would have on American influence in their region."

These words may come as a shock to those who have believed that the recent activities of the Security Council provided an example of what Walter Lippmann has termed "parallelism" and what the editors of the *Economist* have welcomed as evidence "that coexistence still means something despite [the Soviet-American] argument over Vietnam"—an argument which they say has now "been reduced from a bone in the throat to a sour taste in the mouth." Glazunov's commentary, however, was not an isolated case. It represented an intensification of a line that had at first appeared to play only a subsidiary role in the Soviet position on the Indian-Pakistani conflict, but which now is assuming an ever more salient and decisive importance.

In the first weeks of the sporadic fighting over Kashmir, Moscow either was silent or else contented itself with brief reports on the hostilities. Then, on September 8, a day after the Tass announcement of the Soviet government's plea for a cease-fire, Radio Moscow offered its first commentary on the origin and nature of the conflict, referring to "external forces which are attempting to fan the flames in the Indian-Pakistani conflict."

THEREAFTER the propaganda campaign built up, day by day. On September 12, Radio Moscow referred vaguely to "third parties who benefit from enmity between nations, who still trust in the old colonialist slogan of 'divide and rule.'" Two days later, a commentator assailed the "imperialists of all sorts who are trying to push the peoples of India and Pakistan one against another. . . ." Yet his circumspection was superfluous, and on September 14, *Izvestia* named the villain: "Today Washington's ruling circles are exploiting the conflict to cover up their crimes in Vietnam. Their voices are now heard among the incendiary calls by those seeking to profit from the aggravated situation in Hindustan." On September 16, a broadcast to India and Pakistan in Bengali, attributed to I. Arbatov, accused the by now "well-known" imperialists not only of trying "to divert attention of the people of the world from . . . Vietnam" but of "trying to implement their aggressive plans in other parts of Asia" as well. On September 19, Arbatov, quoted in an English broadcast aimed at South Asia, placed the blame for the conflict squarely on the shoulders of

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the "imperialists," who "have been repeatedly fanning the religious dissension between Moslems and Hindus, . . . who artificially created the territorial dispute, so as to be able to trigger off hostility and conflict." Two days earlier, Soviet listeners were informed that "international reaction" hoped to get the two warring countries "under its rigid control." So as to leave no doubt in their minds concerning the identity of the powers seeking to subjugate the two countries, *Izvestia* explicitly accused the United States on September 19 of inflaming the dispute in order "to divert attention of the world public from its filthy Vietnam adventure."

Other countries have been singled out for their nefarious role in fomenting the conflict over Kashmir—including, for good measure, West Germany. Great Britain, of course, came in for special mention. Thus on September 12, Britain was accused of having laid a "delayed-action mine" in its original announcement on Indian independence in 1947—a mine that was "precisely" calculated "so that its time mechanism all these years should tick away, disturbing normal relations in that part of the world." "Precisely" what constituted this "mine" was not made clear. The accusations, nevertheless, were repeated several times in subsequent radio broadcasts and newspaper articles. Still, if one country stands out as the culprit par excellence, it is the United States. And not only with regard to the Indian-Pakistani conflict. The anti-American line—a prominent feature of Moscow's foreign policy over the past ten months or so—continued during the weeks that ostensibly saw the ripening of a new Soviet-American détente.

On August 18, *Izvestia*, in an article on the twentieth anniversary of the United Nations, portrayed Washington as the single obstacle to international co-operation and understanding. On the same day *Red Star*, the newspaper of the Soviet armed forces, warned its readers that "Washington's psychological-warfare experts" were "preparing the ground for bacteriological warfare in Vietnam." On the same day, Glazunov, in a French-language commentary on Soviet-American relations, poured cold water on any hopes that Moscow and Washington were drawing more closely together:

"U.S. activity all over the world aims at torpedoing the cause of peace and security of peoples. There are ever more evident signs of pretensions to world hegemony by an imperialist power which lays claims to a dominant position in the world. This is what the U.S. leaders themselves loudly assert without very much ado. . . . Soviet-American relations . . . will be nothing but demagogy as long as the United States . . . tries to play the part of an international gendarme, and tries to adapt the world to the American way of life."

Wishful Thinking

At this point, it might be objected that whatever Moscow's animadversions on U.S. policy, isn't it also true that it was equally critical of China's role in the Kashmir dispute, and that the growing bellicosity of Peking is forcing the Soviet Union, however half-heartedly and surreptitiously, into a de facto alliance with the United States?

This view has been assiduously propagated by Yugoslavia, which during the entire conflict has gone out of its way to paint a picture of a growing Moscow-Washington collaboration and of a mounting fury in Russia's capital that was bound to erupt into an open break between the two Communist giants. This wishful thinking even yielded a report about an *Izvestia* commentary on September 16, which purportedly stressed "that Chinese papers publish New China News Agency statements which distort the Soviet position." Nothing of the kind appeared in *Izvestia* (or *Pravda*) on that day or any other day.

Indeed, considering the almost unbelievably provocative anti-Soviet statements emanating not only from Peking but from all of its allies in the international Communist movement, and considering Peking's transparent attempt to end Russia's influence in Southeast Asia, Moscow's references to China have been remarkably few, circuitous, and restrained.

The Tass statement on September 13 accusing unnamed "forces which seek to profit by worsened Indian-Pakistani relations. By their incendiary statements they push them toward further aggravation of the military conflict," has been generally —and largely correctly—interpreted as a thrust at China's strident support of Pakistan and its threats against India's ostensible encroachments of its borders (yaks, sheep, and all). However, it should be noted that the same statement, which never mentioned China by name, also contained a slap at "American imperialism" for "trying to exploit the military clashes between India and Pakistan." Furthermore, even Soviet commentators may have been confused over the object of Tass's criticism. Boris Dmitriev, in the *Izvestia* article already cited, specifically singled out the "voices" of "Washington's ruling circles" as being among those that issued "the incendiary calls." Moscow has been so careful not to appear in the role of China's open adversary—or even its critic—that it passed by in silence the *People's Daily's* attack on the Tass statement: "The Soviet leaders have maliciously slandered and attacked the countries which support Pakistan's fight against aggression. . . . This practice of the Soviet leaders shows clearly the depths to which the revisionist leadership of the Soviet Union has sunk in betraying the interests of the people of the world. . . . In order to carry out their general line of U.S.-Soviet co-operation to dominate the world, they always oppose the revolutionary struggles and wars of the peoples and thereby help U.S. imperialism and its flunkeys." And much more.

It was not until almost ten days later that the Soviets risked another oblique expression of disapproval over China's "incendiary" behavior. On September 22, *Izvestia* published a comprehensive and surprisingly objective review of the entire Chinese-Indian border controversy. Only at the end did the paper assert that China's bellicose statements "cannot but make uneasy all those who are interested in the early liquidation of the Indian-Pakistani armed conflict, and in strengthening the unity of all anti-imperialist forces." To be sure, the review did not go unanswered in the Chinese press, which reproduced it verbatim, along with a "textual analysis" commenting that "One can see clearly

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. . . that the Soviet leadership stands completely on the side of the Indian reactionaries, supports their aggression against China, and vilifies China."

WHAT are we to conclude from this brief review of the newest chapter in the peculiar American-Soviet-Chinese relationship? No one could disagree with Walter Lippmann in his assertion that "... all hope and prospect of a reasonably peaceable world is tied up with an improvement in Soviet-American relations." The trouble, however, is that the Soviet Union, as much as a result of its own calculations as of a net of circumstances from which it cannot easily escape, is unwilling to take the slightest step in this direction. There is evidence that the decision to step up the hostile campaign against the United States for domestic or intra-Communist purposes was taken even before the intensification of the Vietnam war, and had in fact played a part in Nikita Khrushchev's downfall. His critics felt that his increasingly uncompromising attitude toward Peking threatened to bring about a complete rupture in international Communism, thus undermining Soviet influence over the "national liberation" movements in vast areas of Asia, Africa, and Latin America. The decision to compete with Peking in an effort to capture the allegiance of these movements, which naturally are apt to side with the militant Chinese rather than with the more moderate Russians, was further exacerbated by America's increased commitment to South Vietnam.

The decision having been made, Moscow is faced with a dilemma: either to seek limited areas of Soviet-American co-operation while continuing to back the national liberation movements, or to concentrate exclusively on establishing an unqualified identification with the revolutionary forces in the underdeveloped areas of the world. The first course, although perfectly feasible in terms of *Realpolitik*, presented some obvious ideological difficulties —and who is to say that ideological factors are of no consequence to the Soviet leaders? The alternative threatened to vitiate the whole attempt to establish some *modus vivendi* with the western world which all Soviet leaders since Stalin have considered necessary for their society.

AS THE EVENTS of the past few months have shown, the Soviet leaders, by choosing the first alternative at the outset and then leaning increasingly toward the other, have succeeded in neither, and have had, in effect, the worst of both possible worlds. Peking has made it clear that nothing short of complete capitulation to its theses would force it to cease its unrelenting verbal warfare against "the revisionist clique in Moscow," the "Khrushchevites without Khrushchev." Some of the more moderate Communist parties, alarmed by Chinese intransigence, have grown more and more contemptuous of Moscow's attempts to be *"plus royal que le roi,"* and the parties that have sided with Peking have failed to be impressed. Countries such as North Vietnam that stand to benefit from expressions of loyalty to the Soviet Union have continued to be "neutral." Others, such as Indonesia, will have no truck with "peaceful coexistence," and have taken a positive delight in taunting the power from which they used to receive guidance and up-to-date weapons.

In continuing to play, more or less, the same role as China vis-à-vis the national liberation movements without at the same time capitulating to its rival completely, and without totally severing its ties with the capitalist world as well as with the uncommitted nations, the Soviet Union has often been forced to compromise its doctrines. Nevertheless, the Soviets seem determined to pursue their present policies. Moscow's attitude toward the United States with regard to the Indian-Pakistani conflict seems to demonstrate that the Soviet leadership is unwilling to make any significant changes in its vehement espousal of "revolutionary vigilance." Thus in his speech before the party plenum on September 29, First Secretary Leonid Brezhnev went out of his way to stress the party's wish to "consolidate friendship and co-operation" with the Chinese Communists, and the impossibility of reaching any accord with the United States at the present time. As it meets with one debacle after another in the international Communist movement, however, the Soviet Union may yet return to its policy of seeking a more meaningful but always limited détente with the West. But in the immediate future, the prospects for such a change are bleak.

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Philadelphia's Negroes Challenge a Will

PETER H. BINZEN

PHILADELPHIA

STEPHEN GIRARD, a shrewd, one-eyed, Bordeaux-born sea captain, started a Philadelphia shipping business in 1776. Through enterprise, opium smuggling, and hard work, he became the New World's richest merchant and banker. Though cold and aloof in his personal relations, Girard was fiercely loyal to his adopted city and country. When the yellow fever epidemic of 1793 caused Philadelphia's panicky bluebloods to flee the city, Girard stood fast, rallied the citizenry, and organized and directed an emergency hospital. During the War of 1812, he helped save the young nation from near bankruptcy by purchasing a substantial part of a shaky Federal bond issue.

At the end of his life, however, Girard had no close friends or relatives except for a brother in France. His wife had gone mad and his only child had died in infancy. Philadelphia was his home but he found no one there on whom to lavish his bounty. In February of 1830, the seventy-nine-year-old Girard sat down with his lawyer to write his will.

Having "sincerely at heart the welfare of the city" and being "impressed with the importance of educating the poor," Girard left the bulk of his $6.5-million estate in trust to the mayor, aldermen, and citizens of Philadelphia, their successors and assigns, to establish a "permanent College" (i.e., an elementary and secondary school) for "poor male white orphan children" from the age of six to eighteen. In painstaking detail, he described how the boys were to be housed, fed, clothed, and taught. He wanted them exposed to a curriculum stressing "facts and things, rather than words or signs." Food was to be "plain but wholesome," and dress "plain but decent." Ordained clergymen were to be barred from the premises forever. And to prevent unauthorized persons from entering the grounds, the school was to be enclosed with a ten-foot-high wall "capped with marble and guarded with irons on top."

Girard's will was followed meticulously and his school is now 117 years old. Over the generations its alumni have had a profound influence on the city Girard loved. They have included executives in business, banking, insurance, and the law as well as teachers, scholars, and public servants. In the minds of many Philadelphians, Stephen Girard ranks just behind William Penn and Benjamin Franklin.

The Two Philadelphias

Today, however, many Philadelphians would rather not think about Girard College. After playing such an important role here for so long, the free boarding school is now a civic embarrassment or, as one observer put it, "a tick on the body politic." In a nation legally and morally committed to integrated education, Girard College stands for the perpetuation of segregated education. Its high wall insulates the school's forty-three acres, its towering elms and sycamores, its gymnasiums and swimming pools and green playing fields from the clutter, poverty, and despair of adjoining Negro slums. Through its gates for the start of this fall term passed seven hundred white boys drawn from more than twenty states. Barred from admission, though living within blocks of the school and despite Girard's directive that Philadelphians be given first priority, were hundreds of poor, fatherless youngsters meeting every requirement except the one pertaining to pigmentation.

To gain entrance on opening day, September 12, the neatly attired white Girardians crossed a picket line thrown up by the local chapter of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. Since May 1, the NAACP and its flamboyant chapter chief, Cecil B. Moore, have been pressing for admission of Negro boys to the all-white school. In this five-month period there have been fights with police, arrests, sleep-ins, attempts to scale the wall, and a spate of national news stories about race trouble in Philadelphia. At one time, a hundred and fifty city policemen were on special assignment at Girard College's wall (the number was recently reduced to sixty-seven), and the city has spent about a quarter of a million dollars on police protection.

Moore says that his pickets will continue marching until Girard College's color barrier comes tumbling down. To him the ten-foot wall symbolizes "Northern hypocrisy" over school integration and civil rights. "The only difference between Philadelphia, Mississippi, and Philadelphia, Pennsylvania," he has charged, "is a matter of geography, and not of fact or principle." But John A. Diemand, the seventy-nine-year-old president of Girard's court-appointed trustees, dismisses this kind of talk as irresponsible. "I'll stand on my record of forty years in welfare work," declares Diemand, himself a Girard College graduate who rose to head the Insurance Company of North America. "I've worked with Negroes and I've helped them. My motives can't be impugned. My principles are that I must administer the will as Mr. Girard himself intended."

AT ISSUE, of course, is the sanctity of wills and, specifically, of Stephen Girard's 135-year-old document. Because it set up the first great charitable trust in America, one that became the model for all others, the outcome here will have national significance. The trustees' position is clear. They hold that wills are inviolate whether or not they adhere to public policy. If Cecil Moore succeeds in "breaking" Girard's will, they warn that no testament ever written will be safe from tampering. For this reason, the trustees vow that they won't be moved by social currents or civil-rights pressure. Their position appears to have broad support of white men in the street. "They call it segregation," a cab driver taking a fare to the wall said recently. "I call it a man's will."

Over the summer, both Republican Governor William W. Scranton and Philadelphia's Democratic city administration sought to get the

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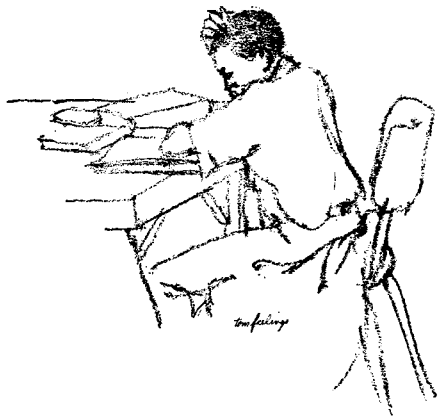
case off dead center. It was their hope that the school could be integrated without a direct assault on Stephen Girard's will, which has become one of the most emotionally charged and politically explosive documents in Philadelphia's history. Scranton wanted the trustees themselves to ask the courts for permission to admit Negro boys. The city wanted to place in the school on a contract basis, and without regard to race, boys who are public charges. On September 20, after weighing these proposals for two months, the trustees firmly rejected both. They said they were appointed expressly to maintain Girard College's admissions policy and they pledged to resist any attempt to overcome it. Scranton then named two prominent Philadelphia lawyers, William T. Coleman, Jr., and Charles J. Biddle, to map legal action. Coleman, who is a Negro, and Biddle think Girard College is violating state and Federal antidiscrimination laws. They will carry their case to the U.S. Supreme Court, if necessary, and most observers believe that that is where the issue will finally be decided.

Those urging integration at Girard College have two main arguments. One is that, as Jefferson B. Fordham, dean of the University of Pennsylvania Law School, put it in an open letter to the trustees published by the Philadelphia *Bulletin*, the racial restriction is "an anomaly, a social anachronism . . . so lacking in moral and social justification that it is being sapped of legal force." In December, 1962, a Federal court in Louisiana took this position in authorizing integration at Tulane University despite its principal benefactor's ban on Negro students. In that case, the heirs of Paul Tulane waived any rights to enforce the exclusionary policy. But the court said this was beside the point. It ruled that Tulane's trustees could act as they wished "since neither this nor any other court may exercise its power to enforce racial restrictions in private covenants." Yet last June a Virginia circuit judge exercised just such power when he told the trustees of Sweet Briar College that they could not override its founder's ban on Negro girls. Even so, the trustees subsequently filed notice of their intention to comply with the 1964 Civil Rights Act. Since this act denies Federal aid to institutions practicing racial discrimination, it appears that despite the judge's ruling Sweet Briar will admit Negro girls, if qualified ones apply.

The other major argument of those who want Negro boys admitted to Girard College is that wills have never been inviolate and never should be. "What's so sacred about the dead hand coming from the grave to affect public policy?" asks Cecil Moore. "You can't leave your money for just anything." And Dean Fordham thinks "an impossible situation" would be created "if the law permitted everyone to tie up property indefinitely by will



under such terms as he might see fit." Deviations from wills are inevitable and necessary as times change, he says.

Balking the Boosters

There has, in fact, already been a significant deviation from Girard's will. This was the substitution of private trustees for the public ones he wanted. After Girard left his estate in trust to the city, a special public body was created to administer it. In 1957, the U.S. Supreme Court upheld the contention of two Negro boys, supported by the city and state, that public trustees could not run Girard College as a segregated institution. It sent the case back to the state courts for action not inconsistent with its finding. The Philadelphia Orphans' Court then decided to switch Girard's trustees, a change that was approved by the Pennsylvania Supreme Court. The U.S. Supreme Court declined to review it, thus letting the deviation stand. Just recently, however, the court agreed to rule on a similar case involving substitution of private for public trustees of a park in Macon, Georgia, that U.S. Senator Augustus O. Bacon had left to the city for use of white residents only. Public trustees named by the city ran the park until 1963. A suit by Negroes attacking the racial restriction then led to the switch of private for public trustees. Georgia courts have upheld the substitution and the continued exclusion of Negroes, but an appeal is now before the U.S. Supreme Court. Its decision on Macon's park may have important bearing on the Girard College case. The new U.S. Solicitor General, Thurgood Marshall, and Assistant Attorney General John Doar filed a brief last month asking that the park be integrated. In a footnote, they indicated that they consider the ban on Negro admissions at Girard College illegal too.

John Diemand himself concedes that additional deviations from Girard's will are possible if they do not alter its primary purpose. For example, he would be willing to move the school from North Philadelphia, where it is a white island in a black sea, to a more congenial suburban location, if the courts approve. Stephen Girard specified the existing site—it was a bosky countryside in his day—but Diemand argues that relocating the school would be an administrative matter only, while admission of Negroes would change its primary purpose.

Many of Philadelphia's civic and business leaders have watched the controversy with mounting unease. Men of action when it comes to planning a big new sports stadium or a $100-million food-distribution center, they seem stumped by the Girard College case. Yet the symbolism of the ten-foot wall in North Philadelphia standing fast against social change is not lost on them. The morality of deliberately excluding poor Negro boys from a good school, even a privately endowed one, in the year 1965 worries them. They fear for Philadelphia's national "image" and its economy. The Reverend Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., visiting the NAACP picket line in August, spoke of Girard College's

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wall as "a kind of Berlin Wall." His words were reported around the world.

"This," said one influential lawyer, "is an awful mess. We've already got a reputation as a bad labor relations town. Now we're getting a reputation as a bad race-relations town."

So far, however, civic leaders have not been able to get action. They did issue a statement urging "a just and decent solution" to the Girard case "under due process of law." Like the politicians, they wanted to get the sticky situation settled without striking directly at Stephen Girard's will. Among twenty-two signers of the ambiguous statement were six bank presidents and five corporation heads. Also included was attorney Morris Duane, whose great-great-grandfather, William J. Duane, was Stephen Girard's lawyer and actually wrote the thirty-seven-page will in his own hand. Morris Duane and banker R. Stewart Rauch, Jr., developed the scheme to integrate Girard College by farming out welfare cases there. Now that this proposal has been rejected, the civic elite is nervously watching development both in court and at the wall, where pickets continue nightly demonstrations.

Behind the wall of Girard College itself, education goes on pretty much as it has for over a century. Its twenty-five buildings, almost all of marble, include one of the largest private school libraries in the country (ninety thousand volumes). In their dormitories, the students sleep twenty-eight to a room, beds placed head to foot, with chairs for their clothes but no closets or foot lockers. Downstairs in long washrooms, each boy is assigned his own basin with glass, toothbrush, toothpaste, soap, and towel. To meet the needs of growing youngsters, the school runs two barbershops, a tailor shop, shoe-repair shop, and laundry, as well as eight dining halls. It offers eleven years of instruction, telescoping two junior-high years into one in order to graduate all boys before they exceed the specified age limit of eighteen. Classrooms and shops are functional. One of the most impressive structures is the $1.6-million nonsectarian chapel, built without altar, pulpit, or sectarian symbols. It provides a religious atmosphere while keeping the boys' "tender minds" free from "clashing doctrines and sectarian controversy."

Over the years the value of Stephen Girard's estate has grown from $6.5 million to about $100 million. But the costs of education have risen, too. Last year the school enrolled only 710 boys, compared to more than 1,700 many years ago. It now spends about $2,900 a year on each boy, which would come close to meeting a Harvard student's annual expenses. Of seventy Girard graduates last year, forty-two went to college. Most paid their own way. How can "poor" Girard boys find money for college? A special guardian fund saves their Social Security benefits, compensation for orphans, and other public assistance grants unknown in Stephen Girard's day. It holds the money for the boys while they are in school and then distributes it to them. The fund now contains about $4 million for 1,300 boys, or an average of about $3,000 per boy.

No one has accused the institution of deviating from the meat-and-potatoes basic education ordered by its founder. Indeed, Girard College's instruction, said Nathaniel Burt in *The Perennial Philadelphians*, is "at the root of some of Philadelphia's resistance to belles-lettres." Dr. Karl L. Friedmann, a sixty-one-year-old Phi Beta Kappa graduate of Dartmouth and the head of the school, denies this. While Girard College has traditionally stressed "facts and things," as the old mariner wanted, it has also encouraged intellectual pursuits, Dr. Friedmann says. He notes that in addition to businessmen, its graduates have included a university president, an executive editor of an encyclopedia, the college book editor of a publishing house, a prominent microbiologist, and the dean of a graduate school of education. (Since the picketing started in May, not a single Girard College alumnus has spoken publicly in favor of integrating the school. Its alumni association is solidly behind the trustees.)

The question that fascinates all students of the Girard College case is the great imponderable: What would Stephen Girard do today? Was the color bar uppermost in his mind or did he simply follow accepted nineteenth-century procedures concerning separation of the races? And would he find it possible, if he were alive today, to instill "the purest principles of morality" and "a pure attachment to our republican institutions" in a segregated school?

When he wrote his will, Philadelphia's population of 188,961 included 15,624 Negro freedmen and slaves. Girard himself kept a slave named Hannah in his house and more than thirty slaves on plantations he owned in Louisiana. In his will he freed Hannah but not the plantation slaves. It was on this account rather than because of the admissions policy at Girard College that abolitionists attacked the will. "Notwithstanding he had millions of dollars to disburse," wrote William Lloyd Garrison's *Liberator*, "he had neither the humanity nor the principle to break the fetters of his poor slaves. Execrable conduct!"

As far as can be determined, there was no contemporary press comment of any kind about the exclusion of Negro boys from Girard College. In the Philadelphia of 1831, there would have been nothing unusual in such a restriction.

Race riots erupted in Philadelphia in 1829, the year before Girard wrote his will, and continued spasmodically until 1840. Feelings ran high in that troubled decade and Girard may have been affected by the commotion, though there is no evidence that such was the case. On the other hand, among the minor philanthropies in his lifetime, he helped a struggling Negro school.

What would Girard do? He lies buried in the vestibule of Founder's Hall, a massive temple of classic Greek design that cost $1.9 million in 1847 and was Girard College's original main building. His secret lies buried with him.

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The Cocktail Party

BRUCE GRANT

Uncle Don brought the cocktail party to our part of the Australian outback. It was a sign for us that the great wheat and wool region we lived in was not regarded by all Australians as the nation's heart, as we believed it to be, but, by some, as a lung for the breathless, growing cities on the coast. However, we only thought of this afterwards, when we could see more significance in the event than the devastation it caused at the time.

Don, who was my father's cousin (called "Uncle" for the convenience of the children), worked as a commercial traveler. He was probably assigned to our area because of my father, who could help him in his work, and he used to stop over at our house when he came through about once a fortnight. We were pleased, because he brightened our lives with his chatter and his gay behavior. He worked for a company which sold farm machinery and he made the distinction between salesmen with sample bags and salesmen like himself, who were really executives on tour. He enjoyed being different from the farmers, the farmhands, and the shopkeepers. He got to be on pleasantly superficial terms with all of them, and after a while they began to speak to each other about him as if he were a common external, like the weather or prices.

Don was a bachelor in his early thirties, a handsome man in a regular way. He wore his clothes, fine gabardine trousers, brown polished shoes, brown sports coat (in winter), dark green tie, tan or gray shirt—the commercial traveler's uniform in the Australian interior—with a certain style. He kept his hair short and apologized for it, saying that he drove an open car, and long hair blew about. But actually, his short hair made him look more manly than ever, and attracted attention. So did his car, a yellow Oldsmobile roadster with disc wheels.

He cheerfully accepted his reputation as a lady-killer. He was especially successful at the fortnightly dances. Through hail and frost, bushfire and dust storm (so the fable ran), Don never missed a dance all the time he was traveling in our district. These dances represented the sociable side of a lonely and isolated way of life. We were required, as a matter of course, to be able to walk or ride or drive—or just be—for hours, perhaps days if you were a bachelor, without talking, except to yourself and animals. When we did come together socially, we threw ourselves into the occasion, whether it was a Busy Bee (a generic title for voluntary citizen effort, like putting down a cricket pitch at the school or building a bicycle rack or clearing a play field) or Sport or the Dance. The strain in finding one's tongue, in responding, without complete abandon, to the sudden presence of another person, in discussing rather than fighting, was too much for many people, who developed, in self-preservation, a morose, noncommittal attitude toward others.

This took the form, at the Dance, of a withdrawal by the men to a room at the back, where they drank and played poker in silence, and, by their wives, seated along the bare walls of the timber hall, of a tight-lipped surveillance of the dance floor. Some young couples danced, and some boys, newly in long trousers, held their mothers aloft with pride. But after the ritual of the first dance, most of the married men would disappear. My father, who was a teetotaler, played poker and disliked dancing intensely, believing, he said, that playing a game, carefully, for the sensible goal of money was a more responsible way for a married man to behave than traipsing about with women. So my mother encouraged Don's reputation on the dance floor. Young women watched him with agonized casualness but he usually chose, after mother, her married friends as his partners. He would dance on and on through the evening, whether it was the schottische, the destiny waltz, the Lancers, or the Gay Gordons; he was especially good at the foxtrot and the modern waltz, and, with his patent-leather pumps and dark suit, he looked, across the candle-waxed floor, like a professional.

"Why is Don interested in married women?" father asked, in a way that suggested the answer had already been provided at the poker tables. Mother explained it was a sign that he was shy and uninterested in experience until he met the girl he would marry. Father laughed cruelly at this, declaring it was all a brilliant device on Don's part to stay single until he was too old to marry. He would say, his blue eyes quietly malicious, that Don should have been a psychiatrist. According to my father, psychiatrists and ministers of religion were abnormally attracted to women.

The Dance usually started about nine and lasted until three or four in the morning. There was a solemn moment about eleven when supper was served. It provided, usually, a choice of tea or cocoa, with sandwiches and a range of rich cakes, especially lamingtons, a peculiarly Australian chocolate-coated, coconut-sprinkled cube. At suppertime, philanderers emerged from parked cars, drunkards swayed in from bushland hideouts, gamblers appeared rubbing their eyes, flirts popped into their original seats, and children who had been sliding up and down between dances like skaters sat down and prepared to eat. This was a moment when yawning women, who had scarcely stood since their husbands drifted away after the opening dance, perked up and smiled around

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the hall, noticing each other openly for the first time. All around the hall the looks went: "Here I am with my family," "Here I am with my daughter," "Here I am with my friend," "Here we are with the people who

have the property next to ours and of whom we see quite a lot."

Often Don had supper with us, but he used to move around to other groups, chatting. One night he was sitting with a farmer's wife, smiling at her over his teacup, when her husband arrived, tapped Don on the shoulder, and asked him outside. Don went, after excusing himself gaily. When he came back he sat with us. On the way home he told my mother and father that the farmer had warned him to "keep away" from his wife and told him that some other farmers felt the same. Mother was furious. "He's just a beer-swilling pig," she said. Tears came to her eyes. "It's unfair." We had never heard mother so bitter before, and somehow the conversation broke down.

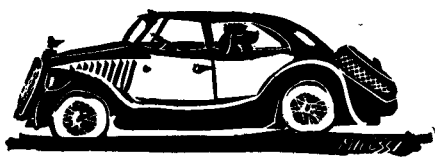
A FEW WEEKS later Don produced, on his arrival, a shiny container that he described to us as a cocktail shaker. He produced it with a magician's flourish, striding up and down the room, shaking it and talking as if he were trying to distract us from the exercise of some trick. "Hey presto," he said. "Abracadabra." We watched as a colorless liquid came out, filling a medicine glass he had whipped from a pocket. From his palm flipped a green olive skewered with a match. "There!" he shouted. "The martini!" It really sounded like a magician's product. "A civilized drink," he said, offering it to my mother, who hesitated, giggling, before she sipped. "Heavens!" she said, clutching her throat. "Is it alcoholic?" Don's face fell, as Father doubled up with forced laughter. "It needn't be—it can be regulated," he said. "You can make it milder." He smiled. "Isn't the olive a good idea—makes it pleasant, don't you think?" Mother nodded, taking another tiny taste while we watched in consternation. "If you only take little drinks, it's nice," she said. "Not like swilling beer," said Don. "Look," he explained quickly, "this is a cocktail, and I'd like to give a cocktail party. Just a few drinks, something tasty to eat, and good conversation; that's the way it's done now. And," he said, looking at Mother, "men *and* women."

It took Mother a while to agree, but once she did she took the idea up strenuously, speaking of cocktails as if, somehow, because they were mixed, they had a rational quality, unlike beer and whisky, which came straight from pure sources of evil. My father was a teetotaler for humorous and economic rather than religious reasons. He delighted too

much in other people's misfortunes to need a stimulus to his observation, and drinking for emotional reasons was as unlikely for him as the emotions themselves. He seemed to disapprove of Don's plan, but concentrated his complaints on the probable consumption of ice, which we had to make ourselves in a kerosene refrigerator.

Don and mother compiled a joint list, inviting four couples, five single men, and three single women. "Come over on Saturday," he said casually, "for cocktails." They looked at him carefully. "Cocktails—about seven," he added. Most of the men rang up Father later. "What's the party at your place on Saturday?" "God knows," said Father, with a withering eye on anyone who happened to be near. "God knows. I'm hoping you'll all stay away." He went to Don: "What's this about coming at seven? Milking's hardly over." Don explained that only two of the men had to worry about milking and they were supervisors, who could change into their good clothes before milking and come straight on after. "What about eating?" said Father. "We'll be getting something for them to nibble," said Don, "not a meal—just something while they're sipping their drinks." "How long does this go on?" asked Father. "Look," said Don, "I don't know exactly. . . ." Father threw up his hands. "They'll be here all night." Don answered patiently. "Cocktail parties only last an hour or so. The idea is, you come together for a chat and a pleasant drink or two, and then you go off. You don't have to take it any *further*. Nothing has to *happen*." My father looked at Don, not saying anything, and went outside.

WHEN Saturday came, we were ready before five. Mother put on a fresh frock, which wasn't a sheath, as Don had suggested, but was the tightest she had. She swept her hair up and put on her black high-heeled shoes, powdered her face, and swished out of the bedroom at 4:45. "She's very skittish today," commented Father. He often referred to people he liked as if they were horses, which he loved indiscriminately. He was already dressed in, of course, his dark gray suit. He had one city tailor all his life and his requirements never changed. I was with him once when he paid a visit. "Ah," said the tailor, who hadn't seen him for a year, "dark gray?" He said it hurriedly, as if he had once argued about it and now wished to show his loyalty. My father nodded. He did not even look at the cloth. "Same cut?" Father nodded. "Some of my clients are ordering twenty inches for trousers now," said the tailor apologetically. "Seventeen for me," said Father. "Just in case the braces go." This was an old joke,



which father always presented to his critics.

Now he was prowling around, looking at the food, which Don had arranged on small plates. There were pieces of buttered bread about two inches square, each covered with a slip of cucumber. Don had tried vainly to get smoked salmon.

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Instead, he had bought smoked cod, a cheap salted fish from England, usable, we thought, only after a good boiling and soaking in milk, to remove the taste. After a light simmering, so as not to remove the color, which was salmony, Don had placed what he called "snatches" of cod on the bread squares. Also bowls of nuts were arranged at "strategic" spots in the room. "What's this?" exclaimed Father in feigned astonishment. He held up a green leaf on a piece of bread. "It's nasturtium," said Don. "I thought it

looked, well, cool, and its got an *unusual* flavor." "God," said father, "maybe you'll poison us all." "It's not poisonous," Mother said; "you know that." Father just laughed, poking about among the nuts to find cashews before "the monkeys" arrived.

Everyone came at seven. They walked into our living room slowly, looking around. Mr. Hopechest, who was tall and believed himself to be a leader, greeted us after a moment's silence with a hoarse, generalized hullo. "Well," he said rubbing his hands together, "let's have it." Mother had thought that Mr. Hopechest might be dangerous, but he had been invited in order to get Mrs. Hopechest, who had an acidulous attitude toward unbecoming behavior of any kind and was a fearful conversationalist, especially on abstract subjects. "All good things come to those who wait," said Mother, in a voice she used to children. But Mr. Hopechest was keen. "Fill her up, chief," he said, extending a glass to Don. Mr. Hopechest drained his glass at a gulp, clutching it like a slippery marble. There was a chorus of protest from the women. "You're supposed to *sip* it," explained Mother. "Down the hatch," said Mr. Hopechest, beaming at the men.

Doug Turrip, one of our neighbors, whose attendance had been approved by my mother only because he did not drink, wanted to know what was in the mixture. Smiling wryly, he joked with my father, with whom he was friendly, not because of any personal closeness but because they enjoyed conversing in jokes. "I lost a gallon of kerosene a while back, so I'm being careful," he drawled. My father looked about happily. "Doug's not sure what's in it," he called out, addressing us all. "It's just that I'd like to know where that kero's gone," said Doug. It sounded like: "Oi'd jus' loik t'naow whair thet kerras gawn." My mother could not bear his accent, she said, and his parade of dry humor.

But no one paid much attention to Mr. Turrip, for the party seemed to be under way. The guests were sipping their drinks and chatting, as if they intended to meet their new social responsibilities sensibly. The women were clustered around Miss Mettle, the schoolmistress, who was a leader in the discussion of semi-imponderables, like social welfare, education, or human progress. Very few in our district had a clear idea of what she meant, but her interest in obtaining your opinion was so intense that most people managed to squeeze out a view of some kind for her. You felt you had to, or she would nod her head off. She had a habit of dividing her thoughts with chopping movements of her right hand, as if she were trying to dis-

lodge something sticking to her fingers. She was not as good as Mrs. Hopechest on religious subjects, but she was right up on psychology and international affairs. Miss Mettle was about thirty-five and was spoken of as having given herself to her career.

THE MEN were grouped around Mr. Dubervale, the wheat-silo weighbridge clerk. Mr. Dubervale was a Frenchman who had lived in Indo-China for years. He spoke and wrote Chinese, which made him an oddity in a region where the speaking and writing of English was often an achievement, and he told stories of harems and opium smuggling with a mordant wit that made the wickedness he related seem a caricature of his own weakness. He was a fat man whose body shook when he laughed, and, on occasion, when he got laughing, it was hard for him to get in a word of his story. It was a bit nerve-racking sometimes. He claimed to be a Buddhist, but my mother suspected that he did so only in order not to have to go to church.

J. P. Booker, the owner of the hotel, was talking fast. "I thought this was going to be something to

do with a rooster," he said. "You know, cock-tail, eh?" Mr. Dubervale began shaking, pleased to have his favorite subject within grasp. "You make it sound as if you expected to be the cock?" "No harm in hoping," said Mr. Booker, who always got the last word, even if he had to shout it. "In Hanoi, once," continued Mr. Dubervale, "a friend of mine had some girls, available, shall I say, for himself and his guests. They were properly looked after, I can tell you." "You sure can," said Mr. Booker, "but what's wrong with good old beer and whisky? That's what I say."

As this seemed to cover both Mr. Dubervale's subject and the only other likely one, which was the cocktail party, no one answered Mr. Booker immediately. Don appeared with a plate, as if sensing in the silence a slackening of spirit. "Have a nibble," he suggested, explaining that it was only a snack. Mr. Dubervale proceeded to congratulate him on his initiative in arranging the party. "The danger of a masculine society," said Mr. Dubervale, who had been invited by Don, "is that it creates remorse in the men and allows the women to dominate by disapproval." "Babies are the answer," said Booker. "Hey, come on," Don said, "you're supposed to mix." He took some shoulders and propelled them toward Miss Mettle.

"Mix, chat, nibble, and sip," said

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my father, out of the corner of his mouth, to Doug Turrip. "Say it backwards." "It's like an advert for breakfast something," said Doug. They rocked appreciatively at each other.

Miss Mettle was sipping freely. "Delicious, really delicious," she said to Don. "Well, Mr. Dubervale," she said, "what's your verdict on the education process?" "The drinking process is the current topic," said Mr. J. P. Booker. He really never missed. "I'm just going out to breathe into the petrol tank of the car. Probably get me home." The women were turning to each other again, pulling Miss Mettle into their center, while the men held back. Mrs. Hopechest began speaking very softly, with an agonized smile, and Miss Mettle and the other women bent forward. "Come on, mix," said Don, moving among them ("like a sheep dog picking out ewes," said Doug Turrip, to my father's delight). He slipped over to my mother, who was listening vaguely to a conversation in which Mrs. Hopechest had engaged a pretty girl, Flexie Gardener. Flexie, who had been invited by Uncle Don, was another neighbor's daughter, whose looks and manners had been styled by a year, not long completed, at a finishing school in Melbourne. "Mrs. Hopechest, I'd like Miss Gardener to meet someone," said Don, looking at my mother, who started guiltily. "Is there someone here we don't know?" asked Mrs. Hopechest. "Oh," said Mother, "we really should mix, shouldn't we?" She took Flexie's arm, bustling her in the direction of the two milking supervisors, who in blue suits, white shirts gripping their brown necks, and neatly knotted gray ties, were the smartest-looking males in the room. Mrs. Hopechest went watchfully to her husband's side.

But, somehow, the men and the women would not mix. They talked courteously for a moment or two before withdrawing, with gestures of embarrassment, to their respective packs. My mother seemed unable to detach herself from Mrs. Hopechest. Only Miss Mettle seemed able to drink and look a man in the face at the same time, and she was the mainstay of the other women, who relied on her to substantiate their communal chatter. Eventually, in desperation, Don sought her out himself, facing her, shoulder to shoulder, glass to glass, in the center of the room.

They talked about life in the city. As Don was trying to attract attention and Miss Mettle always spoke loudly, their voices were high and their gestures became elaborate. Don won an initial contest of nostalgia—"You did!" and "You have!" exclaimed Miss Mettle—and they then charged their glasses and drank a toast to "Sunday picnics in the hills," which apparently held pleasant memories because the outings took them *away* from the city. "Did you ever go swimming at Scarborough?" asked Miss Mettle. "Did I ever!" exclaimed Don. "I practically lived there in the summer." "I love the sea," said Miss Mettle. "Did

you ever go prawning at Crawley?" "Did I ever!" Don said, almost shouting. He had practically lived on prawns, it appeared, and he knew Crawley like the back of his hand.

Soon Miss Mettle moved her chopping hand to Don's sleeve, fingering it entreatingly to make her points, which were now concerned with slum clearance and child delinquency. Facing each other in the middle of the room, they seemed to have lost interest in the rest of the party. My father and Doug Turrip, who were standing with their backs to the wall, swapping stories about trench mud in France during the 1914-1918 war, their glasses untouched, took note. "Schoolma'am and lover boy are hitting it off," said Doug. My father watched for a moment, choosing his words. "It's his greatest talent," he said. Doug chortled. "Look at her, she's smoking," my father said. She was indeed, losing her balance slightly as Don lit her cigarette. "God," said Father, "open a window. The smell of scent is making me ill." He moved over to my mother and indicated Miss Mettle.

At this point, my parents could have saved Miss Mettle, but they too suffered from regional immunity to feelings about other people. They must have seen, as anyone could, that Miss Mettle was getting drunk, and if either had made a move to detach her from Don, who was innocently bringing about her downfall, the party might have been a success, with incalculable support to the march of civilization in our district. Instead, they watched the spectacle, with veiled concern, from a distance, preserving themselves and obtaining the best view at the same time. They probably underestimated the power of a martini, too.

A ring of half-observant watchers began to form, but Don and Miss Mettle were oblivious to it, being, by then, absorbed in supporting each other's belief that flats were more romantic than houses and that a *pied-à-terre* was the most romantic form of shelter mankind had devised. Miss Mettle had developed a hiccupy cough, from laughing and, perhaps, smoking; she leant on Don's arm, tearfully nodding into his face as he described a stag party that had ended in the nurses' quarters of the Royal Perth Hospital.

Mrs. Hopechest finally broke it up after the ring of onlookers had given up the pretense that they were interested in anything except the couple in the center. "Well, aren't you a pair of chatterers," she said, in a grand production of lightness, taking each by the arm, dropping Don's and leading Miss Mettle away. But Miss Mettle was very excited. Laughing, she struggled against Mrs. Hopechest, looking back at Don, who was waving. "Bye-bye, blackbird," he called. "Toodle-oo," cried Miss Mettle, waving backwards above her head. "See you on the Esplanade," Don called back, tapping the toes of his shoes against the floor and polishing his fingernails on his lapel.

Everyone, including my mother, was smiling now, although Mrs. Hopechest's smile was grim. Then Miss Mettle began a curtsey in front of Mrs. Hopechest, flaring her skirt with an exaggerated, two-fingered elevation of the hem. "You called,

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Ma'am?" she asked, amid waves of laughter. Miss Mettle had always been, like most of the other women in the district, deferential toward Mrs. Hopechest. As she rose, her foolish smile became intent and for a moment she halted before Mrs. Hopechest, whose features had not altered. And it was then that she turned and joyously, purposely, like a small, full-chested bird, called across the room the line that has become famous in our social history. "Let's go down to the city, Don," she cried, "and live in a flat."

Except for one short gasp, there was silence. Mrs. Hopechest spun, with dismay and horror on her face, toward my mother, but most of the people were looking at Don, as if they expected, perhaps hoped, that he might say the one brilliant thing that would save Miss Mettle. But he said nothing at all, and in the seconds he stood there, he looked lost. Miss Mettle's red face slowly paled, and collapsed. "Oh," she said. "Oh!" She covered her face with her hands and burst into tears. My mother led her away. Our guests shuffled about for a moment, some of them, like Doug Turrip and J. P. Booker, trying to patch up the gap of Miss Mettle's absence with a cross-stitch of words, until Mrs. Hopechest, tightly withdrawn, led the retreat. As Don had disappeared, my father saw them out, cheerfully accepting their muttered, incredulous goodbyes.

Miss Mettle had to leave the school and, although no one blamed Don directly, his competitors managed successfully to spread the story that he drugged his customers with martinis before closing a deal. Eventually Don went back to the city, where he flourished. His cocktail party was talked about for years. It confirmed everyone in his prejudices, even Mr. Dubervale, who said that women were not indispensable as drinking partners, however unavoidable they were in other ways. It probably froze drinking habits in our district for a decade. My mother was humiliated and guilty, two emotions that sustained each other in her behavior for some months, and it took all my father's spirit to convince her that, even with the Dance every fortnight, life was still worth living.

A Cry of Anguish

ALFRED WERNER

This season's show of Edvard Munch at the Guggenheim Museum might never have been possible if the painter's encounter with the Nazis had not had an unexpected happy ending. During the war two German occupation officers called at the artist's estate, Ekely, on the outskirts of Oslo in Norway. For decades Munch had been stubbornly holding onto everything he produced; if, now and then, he was forced to sell a picture, he immediately painted a replica. His rooms were packed from floor to ceiling with oils, drawings, and prints. When the Wehrmacht officers entered one of the buildings and saw the incredible clutter, they turned on their heels. Though they never returned, the octogenarian owner kept on worrying until his death, on January 23, 1944, that there might be another visit. Paranoiac that he was, he envisioned the works he had hoarded in forty-odd rooms carted away, to be put to the torch. Luckily, what he feared did not come to pass.

When the war was over, Norway learned to its surprise and delight that it had been enriched by a treasure larger than any artist had ever before bequeathed to his native country. To its capital, Oslo, the bachelor Munch left all the works in his possession—his "children," as he liked to call them. There were more than a thousand oils, more than four thousand watercolors and drawings, and more than fifteen thousand prints. When his youngest sister, Inger Marie, died in 1952, her possessions, including many works of her famous brother, were added. This entire collection is now housed in the new Munch-museet of Oslo, a trim modern building with vast expanses of glass, large galleries, and the latest equipment, that was opened to the public in 1963. It is from there that the bulk of the Guggenheim exhibition will be taken.

How will Americans react to these pictures? This much can be predicted: even more than the first major exhibit of Munch's work in New York at the Museum of Modern Art fifteen years ago, this gigantic show seems certain to fix his reputation as one of the fathers of Expressionism, along with Van Gogh and Gauguin.

As highly subjective and autobiographical as Munch's vision may be, his works can be understood even by someone unacquainted with his stormy life story. Munch was both a product and a maker of his period, and his pessimism and misogyny must be related to his time and life no less than to his symbolistic use of color or his Expressionist distortions. And yet, without his art, he might have found unbearable the Kafkaesque horror of his life. One is reminded of Goethe's play *Torquato Tasso*, in which the poet exclaims: "While other men are struck dumb by their pain, God empowered me to express my suffering!"

Pain and suffering haunted Munch. "The black angels of disease and insanity were on guard at my cradle," he wrote. "I always felt that I was treated unjustly, without a mother, sick and threatened with punishment in hell." He lost his mother when he was five. One of his sisters and his only brother died young. His father, a doctor, took him on his rounds in the slums of Kristiania (as Oslo was called until 1925), believing that children must become acquainted with the phenomena of poverty, sickness, and death. Dr. Munch was a stern disciplinarian of intense Lutheran convictions who, his son reported, "could be almost insane in his violence" when punishing his offspring.

Edvard rebelled against a milieu in which pleasures were outlawed and life on this earth was only a preparation for the Hereafter. He left the Technological College, deciding to become a painter rather than an engineer. His puritanical father must have been dismayed when Edvard joined the revolutionary Bohemia of the capital, with its strong opposition to those Ibsen had called the pillars of society. In dimly lit cafés, positivism, anarchism, and

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socialism were hotly discussed. Free love was preached and practiced. The authorities decided that the time had come to act. After one of the leaders, Hans Jaeger, had published a novel dealing frankly with sex, the book was suppressed and its author sent to jail. There Jaeger wrote an enthusiastic article about the twenty-three-year-old Munch.

Until his mid-forties, Munch's life was remarkably similar to Van Gogh's. There was the same restlessness, the constant moving from place to place (Munch spent much time in France and Germany). Both men sought love, but while Van Gogh desperately wanted to marry and raise a family, Munch fled any liaison that threatened bondage. One woman whom he had left because of her insistence upon marriage sent word that she was about to die and wished to speak to him for the last time. The artist arrived to find her wrapped in a shroud and lying on a bier flanked by lighted candles. Suddenly she rose and said triumphantly, "I knew that you would come." Seeing that her lover, shocked by her deceit, was about to leave again, she took a revolver and aimed it at her breast. Munch put his hand on the muzzle of the gun—which went off and injured his middle finger.

Munch himself might have conceived and painted the melodramatic scene. And indeed, walking through a show of his pictures, one reads, chapter by chapter, his explosive autobiography. Even if none of the nearly one hundred self-portraits were included, one might still see him as he was, a mighty iceberg suppressing, with great difficulty, a volcano. We know him to have been a taciturn man, morbidly detached in the company of others, quiet when sober but dangerous when intoxicated (according to one source, he accidentally killed a man in a drunken brawl). In a 1906 self-portrait he is seen as a melancholy introvert, sitting in an empty café with a bottle of wine before him. At forty-five—an age by which most men, even artists, have managed to settle down and have families—he was still a roaming vagabond with a destructive and self-destructive bent. On the brink of insanity, he had the wisdom to consult a Copenhagen psychiatrist who kept him confined in his clinic for several months.

Apparently Munch left the sanatorium a changed man. No more hard liquor, no more frantic travel. He returned to his native country to become something of a national hero. He was given enormous walls on which to paint. He who had once been spat at by Norwegian critics received glowing tributes on his fiftieth, sixtieth, seventieth, and eightieth birthdays. At the Paris Exposition of 1937 his work dominated the Norwegian Pavilion.

But either the doctor had done too perfect a job in ridding him of the tensions that were a source of his inspiration, or the flame had dwindled with advancing age. Gone was the "animal," the "magnificent thunderstorm," as a German poet had described the younger Munch. Gone was the madman who had written: "Painting is for me like being ill or intoxicated—an illness of which I do not want to be cured, an intoxication which I cannot forgo."

It is somehow impossible to imagine Van Gogh, Toulouse-Lautrec, Modigliani, or Pascin as elderly gentlemen. Munch, it must be stated, never deteriorated into the pathetic and almost ridiculous figures that Ensor and Utrillo became in their old age. True, it is hard to understand how the restless maniac who was both admired and feared in the artistic circles of Paris and Berlin became a hypochondriacal hermit who took immense care to ensure that the room temperature at Ekely was kept at a constant level, and who, when told that he was not looking well, took promptly to his bed. It is also hard to understand how this "encyclopedia of fin-de-siècle pessimism" could eventually produce brightly colored murals extolling the life-building forces of nature and hailing man as a worker in a social collective.

Yet Munch never became so sober and tame that he could forget completely the storms of the past. When he was close to eighty he painted a self-portrait that recapitulates the unrest of his youth. A tall gaunt man, still defiant and proud, he stands between a black grandfather clock and a bed on which a black-and-red striped coverlet has been thrown. Above the bed hangs a female nude, as much a symbol of life as the clock is a symbol of death. Though the clock has no hands, we hear its inexorable, maddening tick.

This defiant, proud, and slightly paranoiac look was already evident in the self-portrait he did while still a student. It is amazing how quickly he found out *what* he had to say, even if he had to go through all schools and trends, from Naturalism to Impressionism, Pointillism, Synthetism, Art Nouveau, and so on. "The Sick Child," painted when he was twenty-two, is in certain aspects already a genuine Munch. He subsequently claimed to have "blazed a new trail" with this picture, of which he was to paint a great many versions. He was twenty-six when, in Paris, he wrote in his journal: "We should stop painting interiors with people reading and women knitting. We should create living people who breathe and feel and suffer and love." He also wrote that he wanted to paint pictures of the kind that

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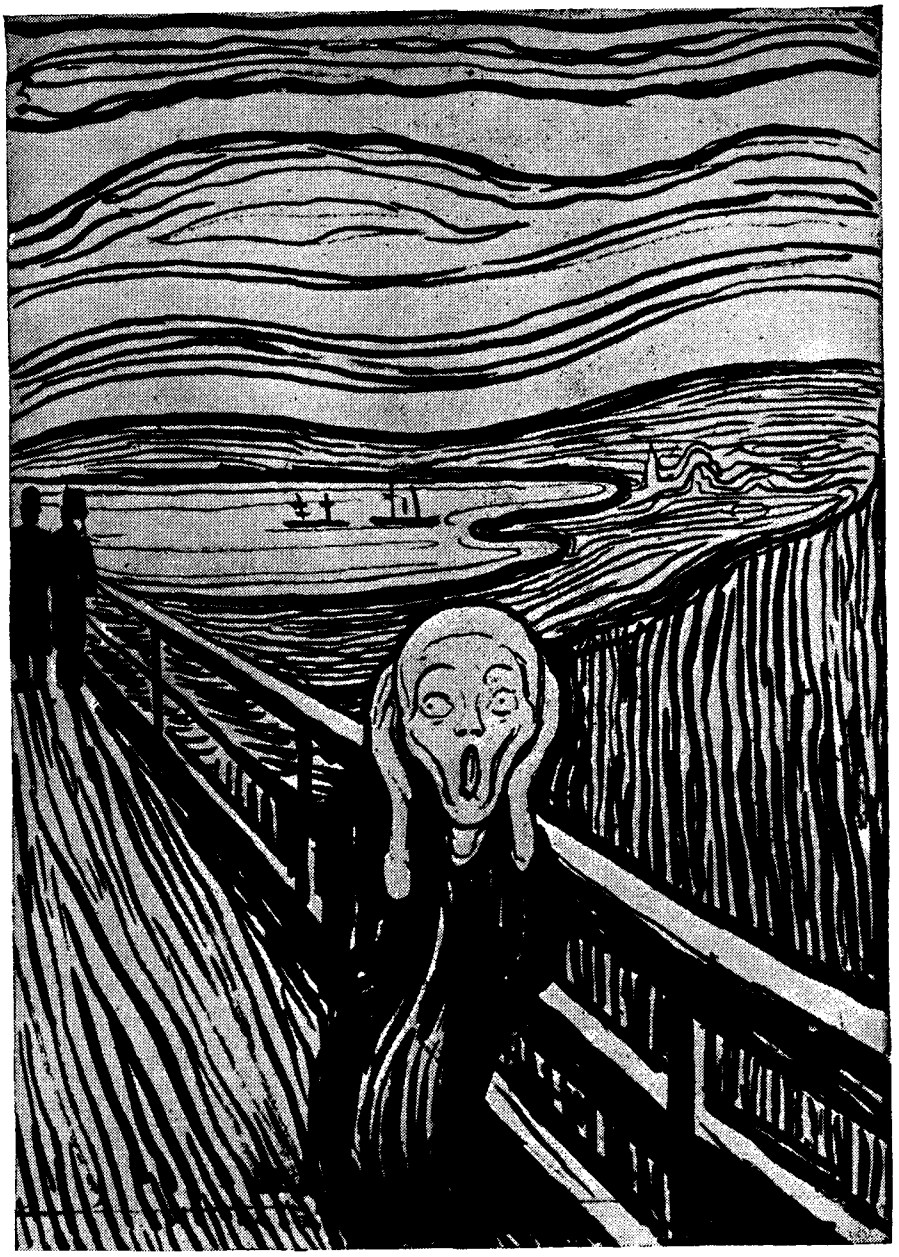
would make the spectator "take his hat off just as he would in a church."

Van Gogh, ten years older and then a patient at the asylum in Saint-Rémy, would have used less arrogant and self-confident words, but he too wanted to create "living people who breathe and feel and suffer and love." On the other hand, it was about this time that Maurice Denis delivered his manifesto which anticipated the theories and practices of the middle of the next century, with its insistence that a painting was "essentially a plane surface covered with colors assembled in a certain order."



THOUGH it is not evident at a quick glance, Munch's best work combines the finest qualities of "abstract" art with the realistic "message." The noblest intentions of an artist are of no avail if his philosophy is not supported by a scaffold of perfect aesthetic design. Munch never sacrificed Form to Idea. He condensed and simplified forms, suppressed details of faces and landscapes, chose colors, those immediate carriers of moods, for their emotional qualities alone. And what colors! Bloody and poisonous reds, frightening blacks, and mystical blues that had never been seen before, certainly not in Norway. One of his teachers, Christian Krohg, defended him against his numerous detractors there: "Perhaps," he said, "this is music rather than painting."

Krohg, no mean painter himself, was right. Munch's works are love songs sung by one who had been wounded deeply. Invariably, the themes refer to sickness and death, melancholy and anxiety. Even the *Expressionisten* of Central Europe, who hailed Munch as their mentor, were never as terribly involved in the tragic aspects of life as this man who, according to his own confession, always felt as though he was walking along an abyss.

Perhaps the most obvious feature of Munch's work is his "anti-feminism." Woman, for him, is a vampire who strangles man with her long hair. A historical theme, "Death of Marat," is exploited to show woman as a triumphant murderess. Yet this is only part of a larger whole that demonstrates the inner conflicts of a sensitive man trying to free himself from an overpowering dread of life, to cope with his anxieties, and with the desires he has renounced. Here is a man sentenced to Hell.

It is significant that Expressionism was born around 1900, when art patrons were immersed in the pleasures of La Belle Epoque, and only a few heard the distant thunder. Van Gogh knew: "We are living in the last quarter of a century which will end again in an enormous revolution." And he wrote to his friend Paul Signac: "My God, those anxieties, who can live in the modern world without catching his share of them?"

Those anxieties are epitomized in Munch's most widely known picture —an oil and a lithograph—entitled "The Cry." In a typical Norwegian fjord landscape stands a hunted woman, pursued by some demon who exists, perhaps, only in her own mind. From the contracted oval of her mouth emerges a cry that reverberates over the bleak scenery. "I felt this great cry throughout Nature," the artist wrote on the print, quoting Nietzsche. Munch's biographer, Otto Benesch, remarked about "The Cry": "It might be said that with this picture Expressionism was born." This cry of terror lives in most of Munch's pictures. But I have seen faces like this in life—in the concentration camp of Dachau, and in an England terrorized by the Luftwaffe. With "The Cry," the Age of Anxiety found its first and, perhaps to this very day, its unmatched expression.

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By Fernando Krahn

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BOOKS

The With-It Boys In England

BENJAMIN DeMOTT

THE POPULAR ARTS, by Stuart Hall and Paddy Whannel. *Pantheon. $7.95.*

Last year two books about pop culture were brought out in England—Marshall McLuhan's *Understanding Media* and *The Popular Arts* by Stuart Hall and Paddy Whannel. Neither sold well enough to win notice within the trade, but both were widely and interestingly reviewed, and the critical response to them—favorable (on balance) to McLuhan, unfavorable to Hall and Whannel—was significant. It demonstrated that there is still no slaking the hunger for novelty that has ruled discussion of masscult from the beginning. (The better-received book, McLuhan's, was also the more "revolutionary.") And it indicated that a new, enthusiastic line about the mass media may soon sweep England and, thanks to the Anglophilia of our intellectuals, America as well.

The source of the enthusiasm is the belief that the media in themselves have subliminal or psychic effects that are benign, that work to extend human consciousness, and that are infinitely more powerful than their consciously understood content. The new thought about masscult only begins here, of course. Its architects—Marshall McLuhan is their chief—conceive of history as a perpetual technological revolution during which numberless transformations of the human psyche have occurred. They argue, in addition, that although each transformation seemed climactic in its own time, and although the latest is no exception to that rule, greater changes in man than any yet known lie ahead. And they trumpet forth a vision of an ultimate transformation, a heavenly city soon to come—a new, harmonious community of men based on universally instantaneous communication.

But the key point is their rejection of moralistic nattering about "commercialism," "sensationalism," and other presumed sins of the media. The subliminalists lay down a barrage at moldy figs who persist in regarding TV, for instance, as a means by which merchants of violence and other figures of turpitude exploit the mass audience. People who complain about the media, says McLuhan in *Understanding Media,* "are typically semi-literate book-oriented individuals who have no competence in the grammars of newspaper, or radio, or of film, but who look askew and askance at all non-book media. The simplest question about any psychic aspect, even of the book medium, throws these people into a panic of uncertainty. . . ." And their panic is absurd, for, to repeat, the "outlook and action" of an audience is not affected by "the content of programming."

THREE YEARS AGO when McLuhan set forth, in *The Gutenberg Galaxy,* the reinterpretation of history on which his school's optimism depends, he was covered with praise. On the publication of *Understanding Media,* respectable opinion advanced him to the rank of seer. ("One of the real modernists," said the *Times Literary Supplement;* a member of "that small group of radical dreamers and thinkers—Canetti, Paul Goodman, Levi-Strauss, Adorno, Queneau—who are trying to realize and explore the altered conditions of modern existence. . . . [McLuhan] stands at the frontier.") And Harold Rosenberg echoed this verdict in the *New Yorker.* More, the new McLuhan text came quickly into use as a pro-masscult arsenal—a trove of weapons capable of shooting down any critic who remained committed to old-style moral or intellectual values.

THE Hall-Whannel book, *The Popular Arts,* is by no means inflexible about these values. The authors' original purpose was to illustrate some uses of the popular arts as teaching aids for instructors bent on

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developing students' ability to analyze and evaluate immediate experience. While they include a detached survey of varieties of contemporary positions toward mass culture, they dissociate themselves from writers whose address to the media is haunted by nostalgia for vanished folk cultures and organic societies (F. R. Leavis and Raymond Williams), and they avoid elitist doom-crying about popular taste. They do not, however, capitulate to the McLuhan argument that "the medium is the message," and they assume throughout that, at consciously apprehended—as opposed to subliminal—levels, the content of the media has a considerable impact.

It was their intransigence on the latter point that caused trouble with reviewers. The *TLS* remarked condescendingly that the Hall-Whannel book, "like so many British discussions of mass culture," refuses to face the question "whether 'standards' of the traditional kind really fit the subject," and it went on to speak snappishly about people who try "to discover the values of humanity before mass production in a situation in which they are at best marginal." Both the *New Statesman* and the *Spectator* jeered at the moral criticism in *The Popular Arts,* and the *Observer,* speaking in the person of Jonathan Miller, drew directly on subliminalist clichés in abusing it. "It seems likely," Miller wrote, "that the way in which we use our five senses to frame our feelings and opinions is undergoing a radical change. Vision is receiving an unprecedented emphasis. . . ." Perhaps at some time in the past it was appropriate to invoke moral and intellectual criteria ("over-familiar pieties") in studies of the media. But, said Miller, "Things have moved on"—the smart money shuts up about values nowadays and hustles to get with the new scene.

The book under abuse is by no means as unwith-it as its reviewers implied. Its authors are young men —film and jazz buffs, partisans (within reason) of teen-age culture, neither sniffish nor dogmatic in their approach to the media. (Stuart Hall is a Jamaican Rhodes scholar who stayed on in England as a teacher and as an editor of *New Left Review;* Paddy Whannel, also a teacher, is education officer of the British Film Institute.) Much of the book is given over to practical criticism of particular films, records, TV programs, and the like. The method is comparative—*La Grande Illusion* versus *The Bridge on the River Kwai;* Chandler versus Spillane and Fleming, the remarkable BBC television police series *Z Cars* versus *Naked City, Route 66,* etc. There is no pretense that the sense of life informing the comparisons rises straight from the materials compared. But the authors do insist, instancing their own teaching experience, that the distinctions they see are visible and meaningful to adolescents. And they are convinced that strengthening the capacity to perceive such distinctions is a more useful teaching enterprise than cramming heads with the "traditional culture of the

sophisticated arts"—a culture most students experience only as a collection of remote objects belonging to swells, grownups, and profs.

THERE ARE a good many defects in *The Popular Arts.* It is less imaginative than it might be in anticipating and defusing the solid citizen's inevitable shock at its proposals ("Teach *movies!* In the classroom?"). The book's texture is miscellaneous, owing to the authors' determination to produce a practical handbook for teachers while simultaneously contributing to the continuing English debate about art and "the quality of life." Its address to the reader lacks thrust because, as a work with teachers' interests in mind, it frequently talks about how to talk, instead of about objects and situations.

There are, furthermore, some problems of tact or taste for writers on pop performance that these writers don't meet satisfactorily. Fine to admire Sinatra—but if, in a short paragraph, you call him incomparable, striking, dramatic, clear, hard, rough, sophisticated, and dry, and if you then praise his bite and his off-color pitch and his "depth of personal feeling" you leave little in the kitty with which to pay off high culture debts—those owed, say, to a Szigeti or a Robert Lowell. And again it's fine to admire Billie Holliday, but impossible to serve her memory or the cause of integration with pages of dust-jacket English ("When she sang *Strange Fruit,* she distilled so much of her terrible life into it that she was sometimes physically sick").

Despite these complaints, Hall and Whannel do have a major accomplishment to their credit—that of dislodging discussion of mass culture from the swamps of despair without rocketing it off, like the subliminalists, into the technological sublime. Their book is no slumming embrace of *kitsch:* aware that, for a man of sensibility, the price of an end to alienation from the great audience is now impossibly high, they seldom tease themselves with dreams of easy solidarity with kids or Little People or masscult tycoons. Yet they are in possession of the truth that popular culture is nowadays the living culture, the immediate experience of most men, and that they cannot refuse to attend to it without contradicting the dictum that unexamined lives are not worth living. Their conception of the modes of attention that are serviceable is for the most part supple and well considered. (The teaching projects outlined in the book call into play the disciplines of history, sociology, psychology, and aesthetics; they successfully link up questions about the origins, manipulation, and dissemination of mass culture with inquiry into the imaginative values embodied in individual works.) While there is some wind and some tastelessness in the chapters of analysis, shrewdness is the rule (see in particular the masterful survey of newspaper styles, the commentary on tonal clichés in recent English movies, the well-judged remarks on phony sex in *Brief Encounter*

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and *Butterfield 8*). And the authors are everywhere alert to the creative dimensions of pop styles.

Above all, there is the sanity and freshness of the prime assumption, namely that the world of masscult is best seen not as an object of mockery or worship but as an arena in which the idea of discrimination, the practice of active response, can be directly and dramatically introduced. Had *The Popular Arts* begun with another idea it would still have been a useful work, because of the clarity of its critiques. As it stands, the book is close to invaluable—and its depreciation in its own country is bad news indeed.

THE WITH-IT BOYS who depreciated it aren't completely unopposed. There is a lively and ambitious Centre for Contemporary Cultural Studies at Birmingham University which is committed by its own statement to critical assessment of the social attitudes and cultural qualities of "popular fiction, the press, films and television, popular music and advertising." (Stuart Hall teaches at the Centre.) But the Birmingham Centre hardly rates as a major influence on English attitudes toward popular culture.

"Communications schools" subscribing to the theory that the media are ever toiling (secretly) to beautify our souls and tune our wits are never underfinanced—witness the well-heeled Center for Culture and Technology at Toronto University (Marshall McLuhan is the director). The same can be said about schools that take a more or less neutral line, avoiding questions of value and simply training technical personnel for the communications industries—witness the Annenberg School at the University of Pennsylvania. But an institution whose assessment of the media is critical and whose goal is to extend the practice of such assessment in the daily life of schoolchildren inevitably whistles for its supper.

Nor have such institutions been helped by support from intellectuals. They have protested from time to time against exploitation of the "cultural inexperience" of the millions; for decades they have argued that (as Hall and Whannel put it) "exploitation of the mind is . . . the twentieth century equivalent to the political and economic exploitation of the nineteenth century." But at no time in that period have more than a handful of public-minded men on either side of the water been eager for a serious engagement with cultural issues. Even now, when culture is Really O.K. and Presidents can talk tough about junkyards, there are no powerful agencies or instruments that can be counted on to disseminate the idea of masscult as a training ground for discernment.

Why make heavy weather of this fact? Because, to speak bluntly, a new and subtle factor—the sanctification of passivity—does seem to be entering the equation. In pre-subliminal times, self-improvement was one thing and passive dozing in front of the box—in front of Mister Ed and Miss Universe and Dorothy and Bennett and John—was another. Not so any longer: learned professors, with New York-London wits on their side, now find them to be one and the same. The soft sell in Marshall McLuhan's pages is no less insinuating than the voice of the chick in the men's deodorant ad. Relax, slop it up, love that *Bonanza,* treat yourself right, says this voice: you have nothing to lose but last year's limited consciousness.

Nor does the pitch stop here. It drives on toward an even more relaxing insight: perhaps *all* the known intellectual values—alertness of mind, challenge, the instinct for critique itself—could very nicely be let go about now. ("The computer, in short," writes McLuhan, "promises by technology a Pentecostal condition of universal understanding and unity. The next logical step would seem to be . . . to by-pass languages in favor of a general cosmic consciousness which might be very like the collective unconscious dreamt of by Bergson.") And this *is* new, unprecedented, worth talking up to. The newness doesn't, needless to say, frighten the with-it boys: they see the "known intellectual values" as junk and find talking up obsolete. So in time, if books like *The Popular Arts* make no headway, may we all.

Grandfather of It All

Time is contrast: presence harbors absence,
And shadow is the symptom of their bond.
Always somewhere, shadow will define
The juncture of a substance and its dearth.

The flowing and the ebbing of the blood,
The rising and the setting of the breath—
What are they but shadows of a doubt
Resolved as often as it is expressed?

I think pulse must have started as a shadow,
A simple shadow that somehow returned,
As regular as tides, the sun, the night,
To be a lithe wand rhythming the dust.

Grandfather of it all, clock in my wrist,
Your adumbrations echo the first tick.

—JAMES WORLEY

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Underground Letters

S. K. OBERBECK

WARD 7, by Valeriy Tarsis. Translated by Katya Brown. *Dutton. $3.50.*

THE MAKEPEACE EXPERIMENT, by Abram Tertz. Translated by Manya Harari. *Pantheon. $3.95.*

These two books by Russian "underground" writers are as different as fire and ice. They mark opposite ends in the spectrum of dissent in Soviet literature, and represent two extremes in solving problems faced by authors in the Soviet Union.

Valeriy Tarsis may not even qualify as an "underground" writer. If any Russian author ever leapt up from the herd and bellowed conspicuously, it is Tarsis. Incarcerated in an asylum in 1962 for sending *The Bluebottle,* a dissection of life under Khrushchev, abroad for publication, Tarsis seems to have been hardly able to wait to send out another damaging manuscript. This one is *Ward 7,* an account of his "experiences" in the Moscow asylum. There, until the western press took up his case (aiding in his release), Tarsis found "all the most interesting people in the country," other political prisoners like himself—authors, artists, musicians, teachers, students, and professional men. Only one man in the section of 150 was a genuine patient, Tarsis writes, and no one else "was the victim of anything except his lot as a Soviet citizen."

Tarsis is a mature, fluid writer whose thought and style reach backward rather than forward. Pasternak, Dostoevsky, Tolstoy, Lermontov, Blok—those other "doomed seekers" are his idols. His title refers to Chekhov's famous novella "Ward 6" describing the miserable Russian asylums of eighty years ago. Tarsis's use of the title suggests that today's euphemism for political prison is only a slight improvement. But his almost one-dimensional invective puts him in the curious position of the enlightened reactionary urging counter-revolution to end all revolutions: "God! the number of useless victims there are! The crowds of Isaacs climbing on to altars of their own free will—not even on their fathers' initiative—and lying down like lambs under the sacrificial knife—instead of snatching it up and sticking it into the fat priests!"

As a Russian writer who lived through the sadly real "publish and perish" years of Zamyatin, Babel, Naritsa, and Pasternak, Tarsis was for decades critical of the Communist régime. He finally broke with the party and the Union of Soviet Writers in 1960—when for him "the time came to remind the world that there existed Russians, not just Soviet citizens, and that there existed honest Russian writers." His version of honesty, then, is this lightly fictionalized journal (told by "Valentine Almazov," or Tarsis). In describing his "walled-in concentration camp" he recalls a kindly psychiatrist who, too old to buck the system, nevertheless "thought it absurd to call 'persecution mania' the state of mind of people who had been persecuted for forty years and whose fathers had been shot or died in concentration camps. . . . You could safely diagnose every Russian as suffering from persecution mania."

In spirited but stacked conversations that Almazov has with his fellow inmates, Tarsis finds his vehicle for displaying his political persuasions. This is perhaps the weakest aspect of what he, or his publisher, chooses to call a novel. It is a personal political tract and should be considered as such. "What the West and the whole free world is trying to prevent is *man* being turned back into a communised anthropomorphic ape," Tarsis writes. His real object is to debunk the boast that there are no Soviet political prisoners. *Ward 7* is really political melodrama.

WHERE Tarsis writes melodrama, Abram Tertz writes a sly political fable. Tertz—presumably Russian, presumably young—is the pseudonym of a clever, deceptively intense author whose previous works (*On Socialist Realism, The Trial Begins,* and *Fantastic Stories*) were also smuggled out of Russia. *On Socialist Realism* was a deeply reasoned tract attacking the official artistic style as a "monstrous salad" but reflecting Tertz's subtle and substantial grasp of the Soviet writer's historical ordeal. *Trial* was a sketchy but moving paranoid fantasy of life under Stalin, and Tertz's short stories were full of brilliant experimental grotesqueries and slag piles of historical reference and metaphysical imagery.

The weight of history and symbol, undiminished in *Lyubimov* (Tertz's real title for *The Makepeace Experiment*), rests lightly in this fanciful story of an outback bicycle mechanic's one-man revolution, rise, and fall. Lenya Tikhomirov (unaptly Anglicized to "Lenny Makepeace") is part Count Cagliostro and part Tom Swift. A magical book containing an Indian mystic's secret of personal magnetism falls mysteriously from a ceiling and Lenya uses it to bewitch and befuddle. His ultimate aim is to seize world power and establish universal peace, but his efforts go hilariously awry.

There is a decided shift in mood from *Trial* to *Lyubimov,* a relaxation and departure from the "phantasmagoric" style to a playful, less haunted storytelling. Tertz is more detached in irony and ire, shaping the flamboyant satire to his own whims rather than conforming it to the mood and history of the Stalinist nightmare. But *Lyubimov* definitely *is* history, from Mother Russia's nineteenth-century peasants and the New Jerusalem of the Revolution to the foundering agricultural period of Khrushchev. It is history cast in ridicule, history that goes begging for heroic figures. There is Lenin, sure enough, but only peering out waggishly from the hundred-ruble notes with which Lenya papers the walls of his headquarters. Lenin baying wolfishly at the moon: "He howled . . . and he howled again until he began to feel chilly and turned and ran as fast as his legs would carry him, his green eyes flashing in the dark, back to his writing and his calculating. . . ."

What is Lenya's major problem in sustaining his revolution? Too grand a dream and not enough bread. He substitutes toothpaste for caviar and convinces the thirsty peasants that the river runs champagne, and makes fiery red peppers taste like succulent steaks. But his subtle powers of propaganda wane when a reprisal force from the capital presses in on

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Lyubimov. Spies arrive, then a squadron of bombers, and finally remote-controlled tanks impervious to Lenya's magnetic powers that crush the city's curious revolt. "They have everything—planes, press, radio, telephones, lunatic asylums—and what have we got? Nothing!" laments Lenya. "Nothing except our naked imagination."

But Tertz knows the powerful force of the "imagination," and in one teasing paragraph he seems to address the oppressive bureaucracy: "A fire in a bog can be surprisingly difficult to cope with. You put it out in one place, it comes up in another. . . . No one knows how the fire spreads. . . . You never see it spread —only the smoke steals along the ground and after a few days of standing in it the trees have turned into ready-made firebrands." Tertz's time as a "firebrand" has not arrived. He is content to tease, to spin stories of witty and malicious portent. Has he merely shuffled the deck of history, or stacked it according to his own purposes? It is hard to catch the true answer. In a way, his entire book can be read as an extended anecdote—the kind of jokes Russians tell each other to vent their humor without treading on official toes.

Lenya's tale, visited by ghosts of the past, tricked up with mocking, scholarly footnotes, is a question of mood over matter. Like an onion, it has a strong taste, a strong smell, layer upon layer of literary and historical allusions, but no apparent center. Its pith is in its peels. Some critics, taking note of the ultrapolitical slant publishers use in promoting Russian "underground" books, have suggested that Tertz be read primarily as a novelist. Surely that is just. But asking us to read Tertz as an apolitical fiction writer is about like asking Roger Blough to write an apolitical account of Big Steel in the 1960's. Tertz is a natural-born dissenter, not an anti-Communist, and one shudders humorously to think what he could do with the foibles of our own Great Society.

But this is not the end of problems with Tertz. In part, his real meaning and real words have been rather distorted by his London translator, Manya Harari, who at times renders Russian dialect into marble-mouthed Cockney and who has apparently deleted whole paragraphs from Tertz's original. As a curious footnote, her name was mentioned in the Gerald Brooke espionage trial, in connection with the Russian anti-Communist émigré organization NTS. Whatever Mrs. Harari's politics, a writer of political persuasions as delicate as Tertz's deserves an entirely unbiased translator. It does not appear that he has got one.

A Compelling Summons

ROBERT COLES

Dark Ghetto: Dilemmas of Social Power, by Kenneth B. Clark. *Harper & Row. $4.95.*

There is, in the social sciences, an uncommon tradition of research based on the investigator's personal involvement and even suffering. In this sense, *Dark Ghetto* is much more than what it claims to be: a strict, unsentimental social and psychological portrayal of ghetto life, with continuing comment on its political and economic underpinnings.

One thinks of Bruno Bettelheim and Viktor Frankl, so putting to use their experiences in the concentration camps that psychologists and psychiatrists who read them ought never again have quite the license to disregard both the diabolic and the spiritual in favor of this or that clinical abstraction. One thinks of Anna Freud, taking up her moving effort in behalf of the English children rendered homeless by the Nazi blitz: psychoanalytic knowledge could be tested and found helpful to ordinary, everyday children facing a world run terribly amok. Now it is Kenneth Clark, who shows social scientists that their tasks need not be futile, boring, comically pretentious, and, worst of all, hopelessly removed from reality.

Recently Roy Wilkins remarked that "Even Franklin Roosevelt, in 1940, wasn't ready to denounce lynching in so many words." It was then that Kenneth Clark received his Ph.D. in psychology from Columbia. Shortly thereafter, he worked in

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the Office of War Information. In 1946 he and his wife, also a psychologist, established the Northside Center for Child Development, devoted to the psychological care of the young children of Harlem.

At Northside and elsewhere, undaunted by ignorance or indifference, Dr. Clark persisted. In 1962, he looked beyond his clinic to face, once and for all, that general, inglorious madness which is ghetto life today for millions of Negroes. He spent two years as chief consultant and chairman of the board of directors of Haryou (Harlem Youth Opportunities Unlimited) while its staff tried to plan a program to contend with what it called "the consequences of powerlessness" for youth.

THE TERM tells a lot about changes and developments in at least some of the people (from social scientists to welfare workers and teachers) and agencies involved in studying and helping improve the conditions of the slum. For a long time, discrete and tactful research had cautiously and shrewdly avoided coming to terms with the forbidding political and economic facts of ghetto life as they significantly influence the individual's thoughts and actions. It seemed much safer to dwell upon items here and particulars there, all the while avoiding the unmentionable shadow of the larger society itself, as it allows people to be cramped and muzzled, without a leg to stand on politically and sufficiently unemployed or impoverished to be rendered defenseless. Small wonder, as Dr. Clark points out, that social scientists resorted to "escapist, even though quantifiable, trivia." Apparently it is not only the poor who can be throttled to submissive silence, or to devious, twisted expressions of their true feelings. Both they and some who try to "help" them are caught up in the stubborn, concrete, incontrovertible facts of money and power as they can shape what is said by scholars as well as what can be done by workers, or would-be workers.

Dark Ghetto is essentially a book that has followed an experience. In the author's own words, it is an "anguished cry," but one of a social psychologist who has spent years studying and healing the lost minds of ghetto children, then additional years trying to figure out ways of putting the ghettos themselves on the planning boards and surgical tables of our nation. Right away, the author takes up the problem of the "involved observer." With little real patience for those in the social sciences who would ignore ethical values in pursuit of "objectivity" or "pure research," both of them fictional products of categorical minds, he nonetheless makes an informed, solid case for the scientific as well as humanitarian importance of participation by psychologists, sociologists, and psychiatrists in the affairs and problems of the community. At their best, social scientists may see a little more, and a little more deeply, than some others, by no means all others. If they are willing, they can learn and also be of practical help. To do so will require forsaking some of the privileges (and the smug, narrow-minded arrogance often associated with them) of their own private world, with its offices, laboratories, and seminar rooms, for the rough-and-tumble problems of the alley and the marketplace.

WHAT are these problems in Harlem, in other Negro slums of America? *Dark Ghetto* tells us: wretched buildings, families herded and compressed in them, sharing them with rats and cockroaches; the hot, clammy weather entering them in summertime to drive out their inhabitants, the icy blasts of winter freezing their water supply, or revealing the impotence of their heating systems; and the people, the parents and children, who must try to make a go of it in such buildings.

First we meet human voices, fragments from tape recordings that make commentary seem superfluous. The frustrated hopes and worries, the sly humor and unappeased indignation of a thoroughly downtrodden population, come directly across. Here it is, the bitterness, the shame, the bravado that thinly and pathetically masks a sense of failure, the feelings of hopelessness and uselessness, the wry humor and forthright hate, the penetrating language. This is a world stripped of pretense and of masquerade. Its lean, detached truth jolts us. I remember a Negro boy, a so-called delinquent, telling

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me: "You know the top world and I know the bottom one, and there's no in-between world. You're either up there or nowhere, and a handshake won't lift you." After I recovered from what I initially saw to be a slap at my pride and competence, I realized how sharply correct that ten-year-old had been. Whatever help he was to receive from me needed more to back it up than my hands alone could offer.

That boy and all others like him need better schools, jobs, and houses. They need a sense of participation in the life of the nation. They need less rhetoric and more action. Dr. Clark writes each chapter with a view to what must and can be done to change the appalling conditions of the present so that a future with some promise in it might be realized. The chapters dovetail. One on the social climate in the ghetto, the seedy decay and unemployment, leads to the next one, an analysis of the psychological climate: fragmented, bruised lives, riddled with fantasy and futile postures, saturated in pathology that Dr. Clark lists and discusses with unsparing clarity, yet with an unusual acceptance of the ambiguity of life. He knows and says that "poverty"—even its most explicit forms of duress—will not explain all mean-spirited and aberrant deeds; they crop up in middle-class neighborhoods as well. He is asking for a *chance* for the Negro, and a large share of that chance would include the right to reject some of "our" tired, unwholesome ways for others. People who have had to consolidate what little they have into a continuing existence have fierce willful strengths, and Dr. Clark would like to see those strengths conserved and put to use.

THE HEART of the book is its final portion dealing with ghetto schools and the problems of effecting change for a weak tenth of us: how *can* the relatively comfortable majority of us be persuaded, convinced, pushed, pulled, cajoled, enlisted, aroused, made interested and helpful? Having outlined the conditions of Negro life in the ghetto and the toll such conditions exact, Dr. Clark insists that ghetto schools are a mockery of what they could and should be: places where children would learn both

Wilson

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facts and hope, where the availability of knowledge would become a spur to the achievement of dignity and purpose. If much of what Dr. Clark writes about Harlem has been said before, I doubt that anyone has written so clearly and sensibly about the problems involved in teaching slum children, and the difficult task of putting an end to de facto segregation in Northern cities. There is little in this book to give comfort to those who would insist upon those so-called uncompromising and immediate answers to what Dr. Clark realizes are truly complicated problems. Schools cannot be desegregated if they are inferior, if middle-class whites shun them.

Dr. Clark emphasizes that the quality and spirit of the individual teacher determine whether ghetto children will learn more and study better than they do. Machines, gadgets, programs, methods come and go; people dwell upon them successively and intently. Sustained improvement in schools will have to await cadres of inspired teachers, there in Harlem out of passionate determination that the slums must die, that the children of the slums must—and can—grow to be educated citizens. Failing such radical reorientation of our educators, all else is futile or temporary, a pint of blood to a dying patient. Surely such an effort is possible in a nation that has mobilized its youth for the Peace Corps, whose college students have ventured so fearlessly in pursuit of elementary civil rights for Negroes of the South, not to mention tried on their own to do the work of the schools in Northern ghettos. The idealism is in us; what is needed is open, firm, generous support. Stingy pilot programs beg the question, tease the victim, basically insult us all.

In fact, says this scholar and veteran of many a research project, we need less study and more shifts in political power. He devotes his last pages to an analysis of power in the ghetto, to power in the white American community, and to a consideration of the possibilities of effecting social change really commensurate with the need. The book lacks lukewarm, optimistic clichés that offend no one by saying nothing pointed or truly, appropriately drastic; it also lacks the strident, senselessly abrasive talk that eagerly forecasts doom, while omitting all mention of anything between whites and Negroes in America that is a going concern. The author is prepared to see problems that are quite properly the Negro's as well as those clearly the responsibility of the white world. He can urge an uncompromising position of reformation without becoming smug and arbitrary. In short, he is no high-and-mighty social scientist (or self-styled leader) waving his finger at anyone nearby. In a time that sorely needs it, Dr. Clark maintains a passionately rational tone, not easy to accomplish today when many of us alternate between an indifference that expresses itself in daily stony-hearted cynicism and a flushed exaltation that relies upon any stray bit of fantasy at hand.

Presumably social wrongs can be defined, and the power to right them expressed. The author is concerned that, once and for all, white and Negro people aim to free themselves of sticky racial customs, particularly as they have become consolidated into black ghettos and white suburbs, distrustful blocs of people each in doubt and suspicious of the motives and purposes of the other, both tinder for ambitious demagogues. As much as any American of either race, Kenneth Clark has done his share to expose this nation's terrible wounds.

At Home And Afraid

HAYES B. JACOBS

THIS IS MY COUNTRY TOO, by John A. Williams. *New American Library. $4.50.*

"We all come to the novelist," said Proust, "as slaves stand before an emperor. He can free us with a word. Through him we abandon our former lot and know what it is to be a general, a weaver, a singer, a country gentleman, to live in a village, to gamble, to hunt, to hate, to love, to go soldiering."

There are some, of course—born superior and determined to remain

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so—who hear the word but refuse to be freed; refuse to put themselves in another's place. Here, an American Negro novelist, in a brief, thoughtful work that finishes several laps ahead of most travel-diary journalism, attempts to tell us what it is like to be black, and instantly one is made to think of the millions who don't care to know. The author met and heard a lot of them on his lone and often lonely fifteen-thousand-mile swing around the United States, including the Deep South of his birth.

Nearly everyone he approached talked to him—or about him and in his hearing. Many said, "Don't quote me." In Kansas City, a woman behind a hotel desk nudged another

clerk while Williams was waiting to register. "Something stinks," she said. In Lewiston, Idaho, Williams heard a motel clerk say to her boss in the back room: "Do you want him or don't you?" She returned to report that there were no vacancies. In Grand Forks, North Dakota, a white public information officer at a Strategic Air Command base said, "We don't have any racial problems here." A young Negro airman second class, who worked in the information office, said, "It's a bitch here!"

Williams, who has been a reporter, did his legwork. He talked with professors, judges, students, editors, cops, mechanics, fellow writers, waitresses; people of high and low stations and minds. He visited both Hodding Carters; Ralph McGill (whose use of the term "Nigra" jarred him); and Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., then White House historian, and with whom he appears to have felt less than at home (". . . there was a calmness that irritated and frightened me"). Not with these last but with many others, he found discussions coming to a strange, quick halt. "How fearful people are to speak on almost anything pertaining to our lives today. Freedom of speech is still with us, but freedom from retaliation after speaking freely is not."

I WONDER if Williams is aware of how often, in referring to his own emotions, he used the words "frightened" and "scared." I am not caviling with his style, which, if one overlooks a dangling participle here and there, and an occasional foggy phrase, is admirable, and sometimes more than that. Rather, I was struck by the repeated admission of plain animal fear. Not the kind brought on by Schlesinger's calmness, but downright terror, grabbing the heart of an American as he drives into an American town or plans a stroll through an American city park. Frightened of the white man. The irony chills as I think of white men in my town, afraid to walk about, frightened of—ah yes, the Negro.

As one would expect, Williams records, along with some pleasant experiences, a lot of rudeness and ill-treatment. "Yet, it isn't like a war," he writes, "where every soldier expects someone else to get it. Every Negro expects to be rebuffed, whether he will admit it or not. This does not mean that he *likes* it or will accept it passively. Too many people still make that mistake. A white man, for example, will never know, could never know, what has happened to the Negro to whom he has just delivered an insult. A white man ought to assume that if the Negro before him is twenty-five years old, he has had twenty, if not twenty-five, years of insults and rebuffs, and that that Negro may have had quite enough. A white man ought to assume that, and if he had any sense he would."

Williams's reasoned, often poetic voice is remarkably modulated even when raised in anger, and there is none of the stridency (with racist overtones) one hears so often today from Negro artists in revolt. He makes his points well, but, at least in these pages, he never yells or rants or pronounces the word "white" to sound as nasty as "nigger," and he never tries to call himself an "Afro-American."

I enjoyed traveling with him, and I learned a number of things along the way.

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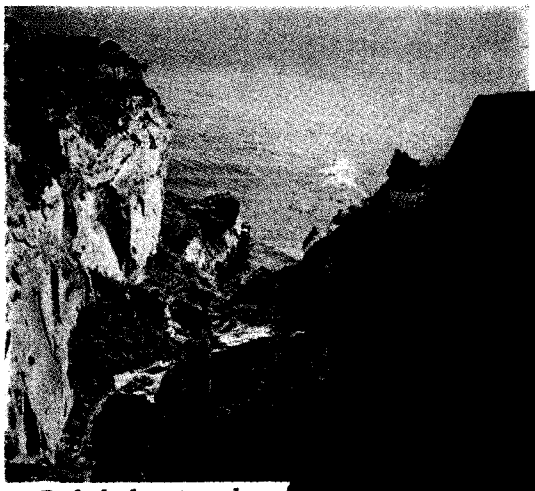

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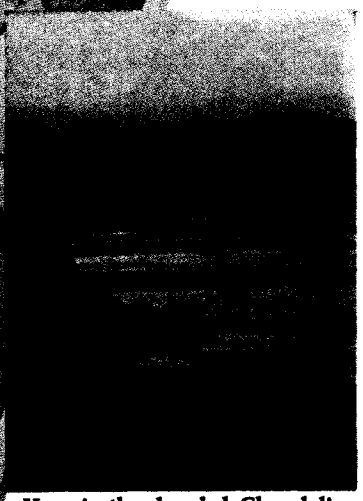

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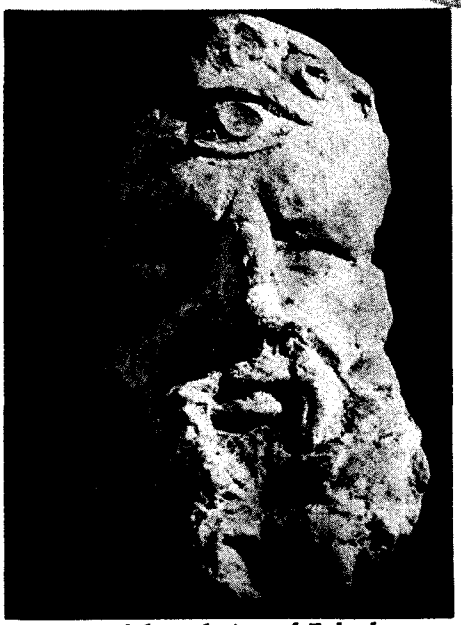

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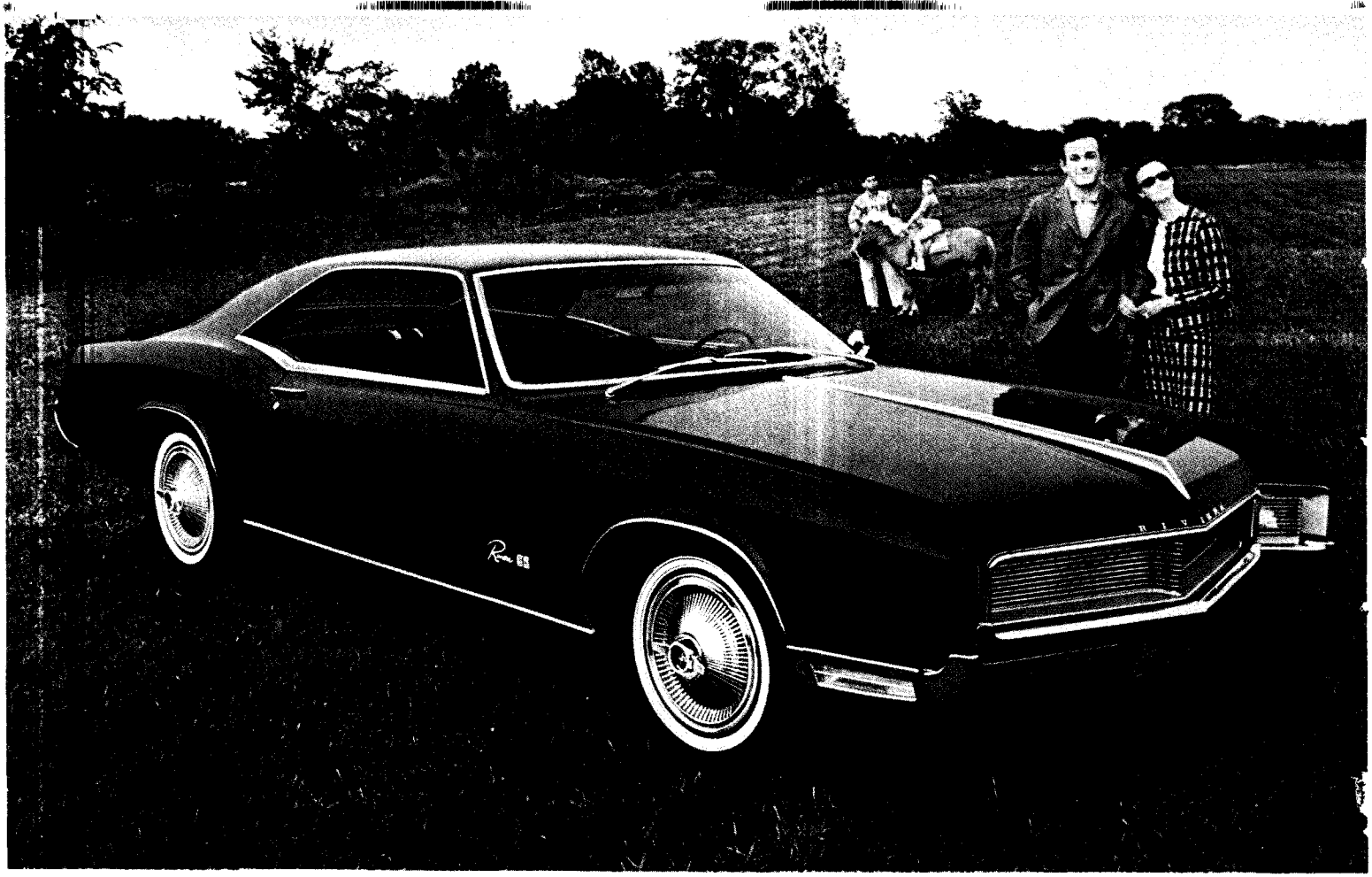

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You know how well your car's engine runs after a tuneup? Buick tuning has the same effect on the whole car. Not just the engine. The whole Buick. Everything blends with everything else. Styling. Performance. Ride. Handling. All tuned to work together in harmony. That's what the tuned car is. A Buick.

Every last thing that goes into a Buick—suspension, body mounts, shock absorbers—not only has to work, it has to work with everything else. That's tuning.

To tune the car, we tame Pikes Peak. The hard way. Down hill. (Anybody can zip *up* Pikes Peak, and practically everybody does. That tests zip. We also come down. In high gear. That tests brakes. And ride. And handling. And the test driver's nerve.)

To tune the car, we fit pistons to cylinders individually. (Come what may, pistons are liable to vary in size as much as 3/10,000 of an inch. So are cylinders. So we match them with a machine which measures with air.)

Tuning is what we do more of (and care more about) than anybody we know of. And then we go out and test it in more places, too. On roads like the ones you'll be driving on. Why we do it will be obvious when you take your first ride. (Tuning may be hard to explain. But it's easy to notice.)

What the tuned car will do for you. And your family. For a start, the new Riviera will comfort you. You'll see that when you slip into the Riviera's new bench seats. Space for six. If you like buckets, they're available, with a reclining arrangement for the right-front passenger. And we have another comforting option available: a new notch-back seat that converts from bench to semi-bucket.

Now, notice that those little side-vent windows are gone. We replaced them with ventilators tucked behind the rear window. For no-draft airiness. And for less clutter, less noise and better visibility. You'll find that pretty comfortable, too.

Choosing the tuned car. Visit your Buick dealer. Every Buick you see is the tuned car. Riviera, the new international classic. Riviera Gran Sport. *Every* '66 Buick.

And with a choice like that, how in the world can you go wrong?

Wouldn't you really rather have a Buick?

BUICK MOTOR DIVISION

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